

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Eighth Year of Issue

December, 1948

Merry Christmas

► THE WORLD CLINGS to Christmas with a kind of desperation: it is the only traditional festival, apart from a flurry of new hats at Easter, that retains any real hold on ordinary life. The reason for its persistent vitality is not easy to see. It is not primarily the influence of Christianity, for in the Christian Church Christmas is only one event in a long calendar. The unique popular Christmas outside the Church is hardly a Christian festival at all. Its presiding deity, so far as it has any, is the carnival figure of Santa Claus. The cynical answer is that commercial advertising keeps Christmas going, but that is nonsense. The public is quite capable of resisting pressure of this sort if it has no answering response to its appeal. No: people want Christmas, though they hardly know why they go through all that bother every year.

Perhaps the answer is that people go through the bother of Christmas because Christmas helps them to understand why they go through the bother of living out their lives the rest of the year. For one brief instant, we see human society as it should and could be, a world in which business has become the exchanging of presents, and in which nothing is important except the happiness and well-being of the ultimate consumer. It is only a symbol, and humanity can hardly stand more than about twelve hours of really civilized behavior, but still it is there, and our Christmas shopping may be inspired by an obscure feeling that man is done for if he loses entirely the vision of life that Christmas represents.

Potentially, therefore, there is a tremendous revolutionary power in the idea of Christmas. When Christ was born there was already a Christmas in Rome, a late December festival called the Saturnalia held in memory of a Golden Age when men were free and equal. The distinctive feature of that festival was the license given to slaves, who were allowed to answer their masters back, sit down at table with

(Continued overleaf)

Candlelight Comment

► CANDLES AND OIL-LAMPS sputter again in Ontario homes. Work stops for an hour or two a day in business and in industry. The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario has a greater production potential than ever before, but not even in wartime did the supply fall so short of the demand. There is still "power at cost," but the required quantities are not available at any price. It was perhaps inevitable that proud Ontario should fall, but over what rough ground has she stumbled?



Up to this point public ownership has served the people of Ontario well. It has given them cheaper power, and generally more of it, than the people of neighboring states and provinces have enjoyed. It has lightened the burden of the housewife, helped the farmer with his chores, and spurred the development of industry. It has been a major factor in the war and post-war Ontario industrial growth and population increase (estimated at more than 25 per cent) which, together with reduced water supplies, have created the power shortage. Where is the fault? Has the commission sold its power too cheaply—and thus encouraged an unsound expansion of electrical installations and perhaps an unhealthy concentration of population

in Ontario? Has there been a lack of co-ordination between Ontario planning and Dominion government planning? The Dominion government's U.S. dollar-saving program and its accelerated depreciation tax allowance have encouraged capital expansion in industry at a rate which Dominion government and Bank of Canada spokesmen themselves

(Continued overleaf)

In This Issue

RENT CONTROL - - - -	Page 198
THE CRISIS IN GERMANY - -	Page 199
THE FRENCH THEATRE TODAY -	Page 208

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

MERRY CHRISTMAS	193
CANDLELIGHT COMMENT	193
EDITORIALS	195
RENT CONTROLS: THE PATHETIC FALLACY— <i>John S. Morgan</i>	198
THE CRISIS IN GERMANY— <i>Wolfgang Pfeifer</i>	199
GERMAN CURRENCY REFORM— <i>Richard Teschner</i>	200
MACKENZIE KING OF CANADA (Part II)— <i>H. S. Ferns</i>	200
TOWARD RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT IN JAMAICA (Part II)— <i>Graham Cotter</i>	202
EVERYBODY GIVES, EVERYBODY BENEFITS— <i>William Smith</i>	203
O CANADA	204

LITERATURE and the ARTS

BERTRAND RUSSELL— <i>Jessie Macpherson</i>	205
FILM REVIEW— <i>D. Mosdell</i>	207
RECORDINGS— <i>Milton Wilson</i>	207
LIFTING NEW CURTAINS— <i>Laure Rièze</i>	208
CORRESPONDENCE	209
THE CROSSTOWN BUS— <i>Alfred W. Purdy</i>	210
THE UNWANTED— <i>Thersites</i>	210
FISSION FANCY— <i>Gilean Douglas</i>	210
COMMENT ON GADGETS— <i>Gilean Douglas</i>	210
BOOKS REVIEWED	211

MERRY CHRISTMAS—continued

them, and even be waited on by them. It was a dumb, helpless ritual which said symbolically that the structure of Roman society was all wrong. It did not save the Roman Empire, any more than a futile pretence of making things easier for the underprivileged at Christmas will save us. A helpless Christmas is an intolerable hypocrisy, especially when associated with Christianity. It is unlikely that the evangelists who told the Nativity stories would have thought that a cosy, cuddly, sentimental good time was an appropriate way of celebrating Christ's birth. Christianity speaks of making the earth resemble the kingdom of heaven, and teaches that the kingdom of heaven is within man. This is something very like the conquest of the whole year by the spirit of Christmas, and is the kind of thing we mean when we wish a merry Christmas to all our readers.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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CANDLELIGHT COMMENT—continued

have said is straining the country's financial fabric. Should Ontario have anticipated such dominion government policy?

Has there been a lack of co-ordination between the Ontario government itself and its Hydro-Electric Power Commission? Did the ministry of planning and development established in 1943 consult the commission about Ontario government plans to bring British immigrants and industry to this province? Has there been too much Ontario government interference in Hydro affairs, or has there been too little?

The Ontario Hydro program through the years has been a product of the commission's courage and vision and the government's timidity and, sometimes, commendable caution. This great publicly-owned enterprise, which has served the common folk so well, owes its existence to some strange facts. One is that a group of the province's manufacturers, interested in cheap power, gave it their support in the early days. Another is that an industrialist named Adam Beck became interested in the project. A radical and a visionary, Beck often lacked the support of the Conservative governments of which he was a member, but so commanded the support of the public that his cabinet colleagues had to tolerate him and his policies. The Farmer-Labor government which supported the great Queenston power development saved Beck and the Hydro, on the eve of the motor-car age, from an extensive radial railway venture, but went down to defeat at the polls—with Beck opposing the government.

When 1934 rolled around the man who was able to command the plaudits of the multitude was now at the head of the government. Hepburn dismissed Gaby and cancelled the Hydro's "nefarious" contracts for Quebec power. Premier Hepburn eventually saw that the province would need Quebec power and renegotiated the contracts. When 1943 came around another "strong man" took the government's helm. Drew did not cancel the "iniquitous" Ottawa river agreement (under which Ontario was to have the upper Ottawa river power sites and Quebec the lower river sites) as he had threatened to do, but the great Des Joachims development (near Pembroke on the Ottawa) was at a standstill for three years. He too dismissed a Hydro chairman, on the grounds, among others, that Dr. Hogg had not informed him of the impending power crisis.

Hogg, like Gaby before him, had been a far-sighted engineer. Gaby had helped to pioneer the long-distance transmission of electricity. He, and associates under Beck, achieved the impossible. Hogg had fought, unsuccessfully, against powerful interests for the development of St. Lawrence river power. Early in 1943 the Ontario legislature approved the Ottawa river agreement. Premier Conant said that the dominion government had agreed to make materials available for the Des Joachims plant if at all possible. Opposition Leader Drew opposed the agreement as unfair to Ontario and said he would cancel it if he came to power.

Drew carried into office with him that year the contradictory plank: "Removal of Hydro from politics, lower rates and rural extension." Did he hold up the Des Joachims development for three years, and cause the present black-out, or did lack of materials delay the project? A fairly independent witness is the *Financial Post* of July 1, 1944: "At this point a political hitch developed . . . George Drew became premier. But Mr. Drew had been strongly opposed to the Ontario-Quebec agreement for the allocation of power rights on the Ottawa river. Therefore, as a matter of policy, the question was left in abeyance. For Ontario Hydro to

(Continued on page 197)

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The American Elections

The best way of expressing what happened in the American elections of November 2 seems to be that which has been used already by a good many commentators, that Franklin D. Roosevelt was re-elected for a fifth term. The underlying reason for the Democratic victory is that New Deal concepts have taken a deeper root in the minds of ordinary Americans than most of us thought. It turns out that the American is pretty much like other citizens of our western world. He believes that democracy means more social security, publicly financed housing schemes, stable prices, recognition of trade union rights, protection of minority groups. He has no taste for reverting to a government that is primarily the servant of profit-seeking big business. The American people are not drifting back into conservative weariness and disillusionment as they did after most of their previous big wars. Let us hope that we in Canada shall now hear less, especially in CCF circles, of those communist party-line cries about the United States as the home of reactionary capitalist imperialism intent upon imposing fascism upon itself, its neighbors and the rest of the world.

But we must not exaggerate the extent of the victory. The Democratic majority was a very narrow one, the narrowest since Woodrow Wilson just managed to be re-elected in 1916. And the Democratic party is not a united liberal party. Last July someone remarked that it was a discordant collection of southern Tories, northern big-city machines, trade unionists, white-collar liberals and intellectuals, who were united only in their strong disinclination to nominate Harry Truman. Today it is the same collection who are united only in the fact that they have just elected Harry Truman. In both Houses of Congress there is possible a coalition of conservative Democrats and conservative Republicans which might defeat some of the policies to which President Truman has committed himself. His own devotion to all aspects of the New Deal did not impress most political observers until he got into his campaign.

Apart from the President's personal campaign, the chief credit for the victory seems to go to the efforts of organized labor, AF of L as well as CIO. Labor retired to private life a long list of senators and representatives who were anti-labor in domestic affairs and isolationist in international affairs. But the breakaway from the Republican column of some of the farm states in the north and west also helped greatly. As always happens sooner or later, the Communists badly overplayed their hand. The defeat of their puppet, Henry Wallace, is one of the most cheering features of the election. But it means that third-party movements will be discredited for some time to come. Before November 2 liberals were talking about the need for a real third party by 1952, since they expected to be defeated in 1948. Their success in breathing life again into the Rooseveltian New Deal movement probably means that American radicalism will once again seek to attain its ends through the instrumentality of one of the old parties rather than by trying to create a new party. But this American way of doing things requires imaginative, dynamic and tough leadership in the White House if it is to get results. President Truman won public sympathy because he is so obviously a little man like most of his fellow citizens. Can he now become big enough to fill the shoes of Roosevelt, Wilson and Jackson?

Canadian Echoes

The Democratic victory in the United States was received with genuine, if lukewarm, approval in Canada. On the stock market of course there was an obedient tremor in response to Wall Street's rumble of disgust. But Canadians must feel some satisfaction in knowing that a Democratic administration, stripped of Southern reactionaries and Wallace cranks, is in office. Although Mr. Truman may not be able to curb inflation, and although he may have little luck in promoting the comprehensive list of reforms proposed at his midsummer special session, he will be able to head off retrograde movements in the American economic scene. The New Deal spirit survives (it probably had much to do with the election result) and that spirit will be vigilant in watching for signs of a recession in business. Canadians, so much at the mercy of fluctuations in the States, can take some comfort in the knowledge that the spectre of depression is at least being stalked. Moreover, we know that we are not to be exposed for another four years to the possible dangers of Republican tariff policies.

In foreign relations the prospect is uncertain. The Marshall Plan will proceed, with obvious benefits to us; the Atlantic Pact will be pushed through rapidly. The only joker is Harry himself. He has often shown willingness to take advice; but sporadically, and doubtless under some excess of what he thinks is clairvoyance, he gives way to inspiration. His policy on Palestine and his proposal to send Judge Vinson to Moscow are examples of the sort of actions which will keep us all in a state of jitters for another four years.

Reflections on China

The victories of the communist armies in North China have placed Chiang's regime in the gravest danger. And there is indeed a certain satisfaction to be gained from this picture of a military bureaucracy and a government getting the trouncing they so roundly deserve. For it is an army that has provided luxury for its officers but little care for its wounded, that multiplies its numbers on paper in order to increase its appropriation but scarcely feeds or clothes its men. And it is a government which has kept its printing press so busy in maintaining this army and in lightening the tax burden of the rich that its people cannot buy the food they need. The tragedy of the situation lies in the hopeless frustration of one's natural desire to shout: "Three cheers for the victors!"

Should the lines of battle stabilize themselves there may be one last chance for the drastic military and economic reforms which are so essential. But the army itself is a powerful political factor supporting Chiang and the failure of the currency reform, which was regarded as Chiang's last hope, allows but the thinnest shred of expectation. Chiang's preservation calls for American aid on a vast scale, not only military aid, but funds for reconstruction. It is doubtful if this would be forthcoming for obvious reasons. The Nationalists may struggle along for some time yet, but it seems that in all probability communism is destined for victory in China.

What will be the result? Domestically the communists will concentrate upon agrarian reform (peasant pro-

prietorship for the time being) and the encouragement and support of private industry. Friendship with Russia and continuous propaganda against American imperialism will constitute the new elements of foreign policy. But the Communists will be forced to pay attention to the profound desire of the Chinese people to be free of foreign influence, to gain at last genuine national independence and unity. This will probably keep both the Politburo and American capital at a distance, no matter how eager the former or how badly needed the latter. Perhaps in the Tito episode can be found a clue to future developments in China.

There will, of course, be a shift in power politics. The Americans will withdraw to Japan and continue the cold war from there. Much more attention will be paid to South East Asia in the foreign policies of the Western powers. It is, perhaps, extravagant to say that a communist victory in China will mean inevitably a communist Asia. This may eventually come about and events in China are not retarding it, but other factors have surely to be taken into consideration. It seems logical, for instance, that the influence of India upon the peoples of the South-East must be very great and much depends upon economic and social policies there.

The surge of communist power means finally the collapse of whatever slight chance for a "third force" existed hitherto. The end of the Kuomintang would leave the groups next in line, the Kuomintang Revolutionary Committee, the Democratic Socialists, no alternative but collaboration. The independent and more or less "liberal" generals would come to terms on the grounds of expediency. The ancient patterns of Chinese politics—power based on prestige, patronage, and control of education, and a social psychology which not only cannot understand, but suspects civic responsibility and public office—which rendered a democratic third force impossible will assert themselves and undoubtedly affect profoundly the quality of a new government.

Watch on the Rhine

In recent months newspapers have carried a series of dramatic despatches from Germany discussing the seesaw "battle" of Berlin. They have tended to overlook developments in Western Germany which will probably prove more important to world affairs in the long run.

Several months ago General Clay stopped the de-cartelization of German industries, as ordered by the U.S. Congress. On Armistice Day the British and American military authorities have turned the important industries in the Ruhr over to German ownership and partial control. The French, who have not yet forgotten three German invasions, are still hoping to see the Ruhr internationalized, but the decision of the British and American militarists will make any such scheme ineffective, even if it should appear on paper. The suggestion made by some union leaders from the area, that the Ruhr industries be put under social ownership, was turned down by General Clay. Denazification courts have become a farce and their only value seems to lie in their being a source of innumerable jokes circulated among the confused population. More success has been met by the military authorities in Western Germany in their introduction of the new mark, last June, for the economic situation has been improving steadily.

The military occupation of a former power is an immensely difficult task, and the antagonism currently existing among the former allies has not made the lot of the occupying authorities in Germany any easier. The British and Americans are running the risk of winning Germany as an ally against Russia at the expense of losing the support of the French and the people of the Low Countries, and,

what is more important, at the risk of sacrificing their principles, principles for which they presumably declared war on Nazi Germany.

Much will depend on the current discussions held at Bonn among the eleven states in Western Germany on the new German Constitution, and on how the British, French, and American authorities will react to the proposals made. The occupation authorities will have to maintain for some time certain controls over the new German state, but if the use of these controls will sacrifice the moral case of the democracies for the sake of a short term anti-Russian expediency, Germany may well again become the *enfant terrible* of Europe. And even if she does not, the Western democracies will have a difficult, unsavory role to play on the continent of Europe.

The Commonwealth Conference

The Commonwealth Conference that met in London in October was more an exploratory series of discussions than a formal, policy-making council. That it should have taken place at all, with three new Asiatic countries present, was in itself remarkable, and the Labor government must have experienced a very justifiable pride in hearing Nehru's public congratulation of themselves and the British people "for the courage and vision they showed at a very critical moment in their dealings with India." Prominent in the deliberations was the question of the status of republics in the Commonwealth; it is not entirely certain India will remain a member, but if she does it will be as a republic. It is difficult to imagine how the issue can cause any serious debate, for there must be few people left in the world today who imagine that the notion of the Crown is somehow essential to the co-operation of free peoples. The Commonwealth is not now and has not been for some time a unified Empire, and it needs no overall constitutional symbol if it has a genuine spirit of mutual assistance for democratic ideals. Nothing was reported from the Conference as to the outcome of these discussions, though the dropping of the word "British" from the name shows some progress was made. Perhaps the most crucial matter before the delegates, however, was the effect of the Brussels Treaty and the developing Western Union upon Britain's relations with the Commonwealth. It is obviously more difficult today than ever before to draw a line between Commonwealth and world affairs, and Britain's growing dependence on and alliance with the continent of Europe, together with the whole interlocking of these nations with United States' policy, make Commonwealth plans and projects almost meaningless save as bits and pieces of the larger strategy. If Commonwealth countries can co-operate to support the best in American policy and to minimize its errors, helping to restore the European economy and to develop Asia, working through and under the United Nations, they will find they do not lack for reasons to remain associated.

Steel Shortage

Canada's critical steel shortage is again news. Our free enterprise Government is once more planning to pour millions of dollars of public funds into the major steel corporations for expansion of plant equipment. The public financing will carry with it no more public control than have the previous millions of taxpayers' money handed over to the same firms.

Canada's primary steel industry has failed for years to meet the domestic demand for steel production. It has never seriously attempted to get into the export field though this seems a natural solution for the Dosco plant at Sydney.

As a consequence of these policies Canadian industry during the war and since has had to import more and more American steel. There has been a complete lack of integration between ingot production and finishing capacity at Canada's big three steel plants. Stelco is long on finishing capacity while the ingot production at Algoma and Dosco exceeds facilities for finishing the steel. As a result the Sault Ste. Marie and Nova Scotia plants have become in part, at least, feeders for the Stelco operations. The effect of this situation is to further strengthen Stelco's domination of the steel industry in Canada. The question of the steel industry's productive capacity has been the subject of several government surveys and Royal Commissions. Almost invariably the recommendations have been received, filed, and forgotten.

The need to avoid our dependence on American steel production by the integrated expansion of our own industry has been emphasized by the United Steelworkers of America on behalf of the workers employed in the industry. As early as 1942, and on many occasions since, the national director of the union, C. H. Millard, M.P.P., has suggested the establishment of a steel industry council. The proposed council would be representative of the management, the workers, and the government, and would have as its objective the long range planning of the industry. An obvious point of beginning would be the protection of Canada's now developing iron ore resources. Already American capital regards these fields as further opportunities for exploitation. Each time the proposal has been advanced by the union that the industry should be planned—and that the workers should have a voice in the planning—the idea has been rejected by the Hon. C. D. Howe, in his various cabinet capacities since early in the war.

The latest rebuff to the workers' offers of assistance and co-operation in expansion of the industry came in a reply to C. H. Millard on October 26. Mr. Howe's approach to the problem can best be gauged by his comment: "The discussions at the moment are largely financial, and must necessarily be between management and Government." Since these "financial" arrangements involve the jobs of thousands of the workers in the industry, Mr. Howe's logic is a little hard to follow.

Mr. Howe is not one to learn by his own past mistakes. On each occasion that the production problem in the steel industry reaches crisis proportions more millions of public funds are turned over to the three private corporations and they are permitted to continue their disorganization of the industry. When the next crisis arrives we can expect that another few millions from the public purse will be fed to the steel corporations.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 4, No. 39, December, 1923, *The Canadian Forum*.

A recent despatch from Fort William reports the ingenious device of Patrick O'Hara to obtain food and lodging for the winter. O'Hara was one of the harvesters from the Old Country whose coming brought revenue to the railway companies and in some cases assistance to the farmer . . . At the end of November he found himself at the Head of the Lakes with no funds and hardly a stitch on his back, quite unable to secure employment. Whether in a fit of dejection, as the correspondent states, or with serene intent, he kicked in a plate-glass window and secured a berth at the jail farm for nine months. The same paper which announced the fate of O'Hara informed us that the Government of the Province of Ontario had appointed four of its faithful friends to go to the British Isles in search of suitable immigrants for Ontario.

CANDLELIGHT COMMENT—continued from page 194

have pressed the matter would have been politically embarrassing and inopportune; might have jeopardized the ultimate development. The very fact that Mr. Drew has said little about this since his election to office is taken, in some quarters, as indicating a change of mind as to the 'iniquity' of the Ottawa river deal. It is expected that when the time comes for the Ontario Hydro to prove its need for more power, and that need can best be met in the direction of the Ottawa river, Mr. Drew will acquiesce." It is now predicted that power will be available from Des Joachims in 1950 or 1951, but still more power will be needed. It is Mr. Drew's bad luck, and Ontario's tough luck, that reduced water supplies in the two provinces, particularly in Quebec, and reduced deliveries from Quebec power companies, have substantially cut Ontario's power supply.

Unable to admit a mistake in disarming Hepburn fashion, Mr. Drew, in dismissing Dr. Hogg at the beginning of 1947, not only blamed him for not disclosing the growing power crisis, but took credit for the Ottawa river agreement which originally he had opposed: "In view of some speculative press reports that the government is opposed to the development of the upper Ottawa river, I might add that one of these developments is the great Des Joachims site on the upper Ottawa, and that far from the government resisting construction there, the arrangements for the development of that site were not arrangements between Dr. Hogg and the commission but the result of personal negotiation between myself and the premier of the province of Quebec."

Is it possible, or desirable, to separate "politics" and a public ownership enterprise? Would it be possible if the control went back to the municipalities, which originally sponsored and launched—and still try to claim—the Hydro? Is not the need for more, rather than less, public participation in the conduct of this public business? With a consequent increased readiness to go along with visionary engineers in their plans for the future? Apparently, Ontario must develop more power at a geometrical rate of expansion. After the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers are harnessed where will the people of Ontario look for candlepower? Will atomic energy be ready?



Rent Controls: The Pathetic Fallacy

John S. Morgan

► THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT has shown its hand on rent controls, and a poor weak hand it is. It is clear that the federal cabinet is anxious to hand over to the provinces all responsibility for housing, including rent controls, as soon as it possibly can. On the other hand it is also clear that to hand over rent controls at once, or even this year, to provincial governments which have, in general, developed no policies and have prepared no legislation, would produce chaos, and the kind of chaos which would have dangerous political implications in the general election, which must come in 1949 or 1950. So the federal government has temporized again, retaining for one more year the pattern of rent controls established during the war, relaxing them to meet obvious grievances of the landlords, such as the rise in the cost of fuel, and permitting decontrol of tenancies which become legally vacant after November 1, 1948. The government also has made a polite bow in the direction of the provincial governments, indicating that, if they feel strongly about the matter, they can take over the problem now instead of in 1950.

The effects of this decision have yet to become apparent. Some of them, however, can easily be deduced. The present state of uncertainty will continue—tenants will be unable to get firm leases; landlords will be unable, or (sometimes with justification) will be unwilling to make commitments or do adequate repairs and redecorations; extortionate rents will be sought, and obtained, for new rental accommodation becoming available after November 1; and, after that date, unscrupulous landlords will use every shift and device they can discover to evict their present tenants in order to secure not only the tenancy for re-letting but also its decontrol. There will thus be an intensification of existing evils. Present tenants will be even less secure than they were. Honest landlords (the large proportion of landlords) will continue to be torn between the desire to be reasonable and the necessity of meeting the rising costs of ownership with a fixed income from rental, as well as the temptation to get more money by the many legal but unscrupulous devices of their less honorable colleagues.

Two possible benefits may emerge. The decontrol of new tenancies may induce a certain number of landlords to make available—at a price—accommodation which has hitherto been frozen; and provincial governments may be induced, under threat of having the whole untidy mess on their plates a year from now, to give serious consideration to housing problems.

The really fundamental problem has been evaded again. Mr. Abbott's statement implies that the rent-control machinery was set up to deal with a temporary emergency and that the emergency is passing or may be passed in some provinces by 1950. The blunt fact is that rent-control is only an instrument for holding at arm's length a major deficiency in Canada's social fabric. Enough study has been done now to show that Canada faces a very serious absolute shortage of houses for low-income groups at rents, or at prices for sale, which are within their capacity to pay. The Canadian Welfare Council's admirable statement *A National Housing Policy for Canada*, issued in September, 1947, set out the facts in all their cold and uncomfortable logic. "So seriously has Canada lagged in the production of housing that in

order to catch up with the growth of the population nearly half a million units must now be built in the five post-war years, twice as many as were built in any previous five years. Beyond this is the need to replace at least 175,000 sub-standard dwellings and put into operation a continuing system for the redevelopment of decaying urban areas." Things are no better for 1948, when the Director of the Central Housing and Mortgage Corporation says that building in Canada for this year has just about kept pace with the increase in the number of family units needing houses.

Not only is there an absolute shortage of houses, which means that the demand greatly exceeds the supply, and therefore creates an inflationary market, but the actual cost of housing has made it impossible for most income groups to obtain shelter within their capacity to pay. Humphrey Carver's studies in Toronto bring him to this conclusion: "Would it not be fair to deduce that those who need houses are now distributed fairly uniformly throughout all income levels and that only 20 per cent of those who need houses have sufficient income to pay for them?" These conclusions are reinforced by the analysis in the Canadian Welfare Council's statement (page 12) which concludes: "The section of the community which can afford to pay for new housing is of fairly limited size . . . not more than 20 per cent of the families in the Dominion are within the income group which can afford to pay for new housing." In these circumstances, proliferation of schemes to encourage house-building by extending further credit to home-builders seems to be a profligate expenditure of public funds and an unwise encouragement of unbalanced private spending.

Here is the real difficulty. It has become impossible, in the modern western industrial civilizations, to secure a working relation between the cost of a socially acceptable standard of housing and the wage-salary structure of modern industry. Rent control is only one device which has been used in the attempt to reconcile these irreconcilable factors, by holding down rents when other costs of living have risen. But rent control can only paper the cracks, so to speak. It has been in force in Britain, with many vicissitudes, since 1914, for there too what appeared to be a wartime emergency was subsequently revealed to be a basic flaw in social organization.

The only other remedy so far produced has been subsidized housing for low-income families; in other words, the community, through taxation, has been called upon to bridge the gap between housing needs and housing costs. Every other country in western industrial civilization has undertaken some measure of subsidized housing, even the U.S.A. So far Canada has no coherent proposal for housing. Each level of government tries to place the responsibility on the other, and Canadian families go on without adequate homes.

But rent control, if it is to be retained as a necessary device for bridging the gap between the cost of housing and the unmet needs for homes, must be thoroughly overhauled. As a short-term measure it was not unreasonable to freeze rents at their Fall, 1941, figure and then to measure out small relaxations to meet obvious grievances. This kind of opportunism will not serve any long-term purpose. Some real analysis of the many different rental housing needs will have to be made. The genuine claims of landlords for a reasonable return from capital invested after meeting maintenance costs will have to be met. An adequate basis will have to be established which will permit negotiations for tenancies with some security of tenure. Despite the sentimentalities of those who would have every Canadian own a house, a very large number of town-living Canadians are

tenants either from necessity or from choice, and satisfactory measures for the protection of tenants against extortion and against inadequate landlord service will have to be devised. Any analysis of the kind will show how inadequate rent control is as Canada's major instrument to deal with the housing situation today. It is a fallacy to imagine that a gradual diminution of rent controls without a positive housing policy on the part of federal, provincial, and municipal authorities will do anything but aggravate the inevitable housing crisis.

Those who cry loudest against rent controls are often those who oppose most bitterly any development of subsidized housing. They will not face the facts. They represent powerful interests which can only be tackled by government action on a broad-based housing policy. The Government does not like the facts either, so it sticks its head in the sands of the B.N.A. Act.

The Crisis in Germany

Wolfgang Pfeifer

(Translated by Clive H. Cardinal)

► IN THE WESTERN ZONES of Germany, a man of exceptional energy, expert training and force of personality has taken charge of economic policy just at the right time before the realization of the currency reform. The Germans can congratulate themselves that this position became vacant at a time when a statesman and economic expert of the calibre of Professor Erhard was so necessary. Through him it has been made possible to 'conjure up' sufficient goods on the market to assure the policies of the currency reform and to give to the German people their first ray of hope in a long time.

The hostile attitude and recriminations to which Prof. Erhard has been continually exposed have been considerable. Only recently the Social Democrats have endeavored to overthrow this new director by a vote of want of confidence in the economic control council. Had this intention been realized then, the new course which had been successfully started and which had yielded already unexpected fruits, would have been brought to a premature end. In saying this, it must be admitted that the possibilities for misunderstanding have been considerable: prices are rising to catastrophic heights and the purchasing power of the masses is sinking from day to day. But is it not at least a step forward when so many goods have been made available and have come within the reach of most people, so much so that it seems like the difference between night and day as compared with the time before the 21st of June? Surely the uncertain development of the wage and price cycle alone cannot serve as a cause for the dismissal of the responsible minister after so short a period of office, considering that he himself is fully aware of the need for drastic measures. One would welcome a more constructive opposition and more active help along the lines of the given plan of action rather than an imitation of the ignominious course of French politics.

On the other hand, not all groups supporting Prof. Erhard understand him clearly, or give him the necessary goodwill, without ulterior motives, which this economic genius deserves. Many pursue egotistic and often irresponsible interests. These interest groups believed they had found the man who could help them in their game. They want to earn millions even though at the expense of a people, the majority of whom are bitterly poor. A considerable portion of the German people have this fear and nothing could do more

The author of this article on the new economic director of the Western Zone is at the University of Marburg in Germany. The translator is on the staff of Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario.

harm to the CDU (Christian Democratic Union) and the painfully developing German democracy than such a situation even if it were only a faint possibility. We cannot believe that Professor Erhard, who has been highly respected in economic science, would give his name for this purpose.

The conflict around Erhard lays open a problem on whose solution or lack of solution depends largely the fate of a free and democratic Europe. It is the problem of a just distribution of consumer's goods. It is around this problem too that the struggle is raging so fiercely in France, Italy and Austria. America, in view of her completely different conditions, is not faced with this issue to the same extent and cannot be expected fully to understand the dire urgency of our problem. The partners in this struggle are on the one hand the entire field of business and management which is responsible for satisfying the economic needs of the people, and on the other hand the mass of consumers who have as a result of the war and postwar period become extremely poor. While the latter must be continually seeking to buy as much as possible for their re-valued money and to reach a tolerable standard of living, management wants to make its production of consumer's goods sufficiently profitable.

The times of old Adam Smith have long gone. Competition no longer assures the most economical and the best supply of the needs of the people. Cartels and monopolies have in almost all countries of Europe taken charge of business and have pushed the concept of competitive free trade very much into the background. In the place of a cheap competitive system of production we have now everywhere the tendency toward expensive production. Without considerable tax and excess profit deductions the gap between rich and poor would be still greater in an industry that involves small risks. The search for new business methods, for the re-introduction of a competitive system, occupies all responsible men of industry who are not pursuing egotistic ends.

A highly respected German paper, the Stuttgart *Wirtschaftszeitung*, wrote recently a much publicized article in which it was pointed out that German business management now had an opportunity that could not be retrieved later: it could assure its existence for a considerable time if it succeeded in producing goods for the people at reasonable prices. If it misses the opportunity which Dr. Erhard had given to it by his uncompromising defence of free enterprise, then it would soon be faced with the complete collapse of this free enterprise which would never be accepted again. And we might add that then democracy would come to an end too. For democracy is the manner of life of free people, which presupposes that people are willing to guard this freedom in a responsible manner. If this fails, e.g. if the lust for exploitation and a ruthless profiteering should create a widening gulf between a few rich and a mass of impoverished rentiers and toiling paupers, then no power on earth can prevent a gradual establishment of a totalitarian economy. Whoever has kept an attentive watch on conditions in Germany cannot deny that the unimaginable shortsightedness of possessing classes makes them often simply unwilling to see these relationships.

We will not mention here the measures that should be taken by the government's economic policy and by management to assure reasonable conditions for all. We have here

only pointed out the danger arising from our economic problems, a danger which is present behind all external happenings in the still free Western Germany. We hope that a successful solution may be effected under the leadership of Dr. Erhard, for the merciless hand of the Kremlin is forever hovering over us. It is waiting for an unfavorable solution in order to bring order by its own methods. However, who could believe that we would lose our freedom because we are not able to organize our life in freedom?

France too must choose between order in liberty and order through dictatorship, for de Gaulle threatens as much as Thorez. Many in Germany do not believe any more in a favorable result of the present political crisis in France even though the energetic Schuman succeeded in forming a government at the last minute. Most people in Germany are hoping for a speedy realization of the idea of a United States of Europe. For they know that only in unity can the nations of our continent successfully approach the great social and economic problems and only in unity can they hope to maintain themselves in the face of the threat from the East.

German Currency Reform

Richard Teschner

► ON SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1948, the radio announced the new currency reform. Although not unexpected it came as somewhat of a surprise. Everybody was anxious to get rid of the old Reichmarks as quickly as possible, to pay debts, etc. Before post-offices were lines of people some twenty-five yards long, most of them posting parcels. Some persons spent all of Saturday writing letters and posted them on Sunday. One large factory in Nurnberg actually gave its employees their Christmas gifts for 1948 in money; the old money.

Some people had the idea that their money would not lose its value while in the bank. As a result there were many people queued up before the teller's counter in the bank, and a number of curious stories were told about this action. One of these concerns a farmer who wished to give 220,000 Reichmarks to the bank. He was directly arrested as a profiteer.

The black market was in full swing for the last time. One cigarette cost 100 marks. There were people with millions in their pockets and they did not know what to do with it.

Everybody received the new currency in exchange for 60 Reichmarks. There were people who had not so much. I know a man who was in this latter category. He confided his situation to a stranger. "You need money?" asked this man. "Take this!" He gave him 100 marks out of a wallet in which there were dozens of 100 mark notes.

Everybody was anxious to get the new money as soon as possible and queues formed before the allocation offices at five o'clock in the morning. The exchange of the money was well organized, and by evening almost all of Bavaria's people had their new money.

The greatest surprise as a result of the currency reform was the vast number of articles to be seen in the shops on the following day, necessary articles as well as luxury items. We see in the shop-windows such things as: watches, clocks, typewriters, sewing machines, photos, dresses, suits, shoes, radios. These things have not been seen in shops since the war broke out.

Everyone looks into the shop windows, but hardly anyone buys: there is still too little money here. A laborer earns

approximately 140 to 170 marks, and other workers 180 to 250 marks a month. The following are some of the prices:

Watches	10 German marks.
Suits	100 German marks.
Radios	100 to 1000 German marks.
Shirts	10 German marks.
Shoes	10 German marks.
Typewriters	250 to 600 German marks.

Everybody wants to save money for a specific thing. Some want a suit, some a sewing machine. My ambition is to own a motor cycle. Incidentally, everybody is pleased that he is paid in real currency for his labor.

Only food is in short supply, and there is little prospect of an increase in our present rations. This is because of the divided Germany. Too many sources of food products are in the Soviet Zone of Germany.

Mackenzie King of Canada

H. S. Ferns

Part II

► THE PARLIAMENTARY FORM of government allows more scope to the politician than the American form. A politician under the parliamentary system can, for instance, select the time when he calls an election or launches a project. King has stated that, in his opinion, the most important detail in politics is timing. In 1940 he timed the elections perfectly, just before Hitler's spring offensive. Canada was legally in the war. The first troops had gone overseas. But the panic of defeat and the anxiety of long casualty lists had not yet developed. An appeal for a moderate war effort was, at this time, capable of winning great support from those who liked the war and those who did not. He won with an overwhelming majority. In 1945, he timed the election after victory in Europe, but before Japan and before the development of post-war tensions. He won handily, but not overwhelmingly. In 1930, he timed his defeat. Depression was deepening. In the circumstances the role of critic was obviously the stronger one in the long run. No one can prove it, but there are strong reasons to believe that King effected a strategic retreat in 1930 which ruined his opponents, the Conservative Party, perhaps for all time. It is manoeuvres of this sort which infuriate his rivals who esteem themselves more honest than he.

King is not a great orator. Except when he discards his notes and flays a Tory in the heat of anger, he seldom generates enthusiasm in an audience. But this does not mean that he is without effect in his public utterances. Probably no public man since Burke has so carefully scrutinized what he has to say. In King's case the object is not to achieve stylistic excellence but precision or imprecision of meaning, depending upon what political purpose he has in mind. In a nation where political double talk or triple talk is a necessity to anyone aspiring to power, King is careful always to see that even the tense or the voice of a verb cannot be twisted into a meaning which he does not desire.

One of King's favorite debating devices in Parliament is to bore the opposition into silence. On major issues he will often speak for one to three hours from carefully prepared written material loaded with abundant excerpts from past speeches of himself, his colleagues, his opponents, interested observers, and even parties wholly unconnected with the matter in hand. The case will be completely covered. It is frequently beyond the mental and clerical resources of the

opposition to reply because everything has been said, frequently in such a boring manner, that the disgusted opponent is often trapped into making charges, the answer to which, in a moment of boredom, he neglected to hear.

On one occasion, shortly after the election of 1940, the Tory opposition were just beginning to get up off the floor and hurl a few charges of patronage in appointments to departments dealing with war contracts. The feint was standard and conventional in the circumstances. King replied with a haymaker in the shape of a two and a half hour speech which covers forty-one columns in Hansard, the printed record of the proceedings of Parliament. In the process of its composition, secretaries broke and fled. Fresh secretaries filled the gaps. In essence the speech consisted of recording with names and dates all appointments to government departments dealing with war contracts. The object was to reveal in detail that more Tories had been appointed than Liberals. The case was unanswerable. No one but a madman could face the labor of critically analysing the speech.

The disinterested observer of Canadian politics is amused by the manner in which King's political opponents regard as failings peculiar to the Prime Minister, the devices he deliberately employs to baffle them. Thus, if King launches into a dry, long-winded statement of his views, they describe him as boring; if he goes into detail, he is being verbose. In reality, King is boring and verbose with the object of tangling them in a net. He does make boring speeches, but can make good ones when circumstances challenge him. During the war he addressed the British House of Commons. In this speech, he achieved agreeable form and delivery as well as weighty content. Cynics asked, "Who wrote it?" The answer is, King wrote it, and King delivered it. He is not the creation of secretaries and advisers.

King is as careful of what he does not say as he is of what he says. While he can speak for five hours if the case requires it, he can be as silent for much longer. In Cabinet meetings, which are an indispensable part of Canadian political life, King is reported to say little. His press conferences are extremely infrequent, and have never become major and regular political events as they were with Roosevelt. When dealing with rival parties, particularly the parties of discontent, he rarely or never directs a criticism at them. In the early years of his Prime Ministership he had to contend with an agrarian progressive movement. Refusal to criticize, the judicious use of patronage, and the careful framing of policy finished the progressive movement. He has adopted the same tactic with the leftish CCF. When the founder and saint of the CCF died, King paid him the most studied tribute. When a liberal candidate defeated an old-time CCF fighter, it was King who saw that the vanquished got a senior job in the Department of Labor. Only recently has King turned on the CCF, and then only when he discovered them appropriating to themselves the valuable myth that only liberals love the common people and honestly serve their interests.

King's bag of parliamentary tricks is a long one. He has sat in the Canadian House of Commons longer than any man now sitting. He knows the rules better than anyone else. Without a gift for oratory, for brilliant witticisms, or the good fellowship of the lobbies and smoking rooms, he can mold the House to his will. One instance of his methods should be recorded. At one period during the recent war a political battle was developing to the stage of bitterness. Fireworks were expected one particular afternoon. As the House assembled King noticed coming into his place, an obscure member of the opposition who had been for some time seriously ill. King crossed the floor and sat down

chatting with the convalescent. When the House was called to order, King rose in his place. He told the House that he had a pleasant duty to perform on behalf of all present, to welcome back the honorable member for X. He paid a gracious tribute to the member's long service. He wished him a speedy recovery to full health and strength. After the Prime Minister sat down, no one had the heart to engage in bitter acrimony. An effortless gesture of kindly interest had conquered.

Like any successful man King has a profound belief in the rightness of his own judgment. This inevitably means that he must assert his claims to leadership often at the expense of breaking men to whom he not infrequently owes much. In handling his political followers, especially those immediately next to him—which in Canada means the men of Cabinet rank—he exercises the greatest circumspection coupled with a completely ruthless determination to maintain the discipline and control of his government. He seldom lets a Cabinet office go unfilled, and he has never been known to appropriate to himself any departmental responsibility except that of Minister of External Affairs. He sticks to the business of bossing the job. He does not try to be foreman and carpenter at the same time. When he appoints a man to the Cabinet he gives him an absolutely free hand in his department subject to the understanding that in conducting his department he conforms to the policies of the government collectively determined by the Cabinet. He will go a long way in supporting his Ministers. He never questions their judgment. Let them step out of line, let them try to undermine his authority, then King fires them or promotes them to the Senate without regard for past services or future hopes. One man of great political capacity, great energy and wide popularity, Mitchell Hepburn, believed he could control King. He was wrong.

King's mastery of political technique does not provide a fundamental explanation of his capacity to get power and keep power. To understand this, it is necessary to explore King's understanding of the world. In a world in which the rate of social change is much greater than it has ever been in the past history of mankind, the instinctive politician seems to be having a harder and harder time to succeed. Consistent success seems to belong more and more to the type who brings to the profession of politics a scientific study of social reality coupled with an awareness of or identification with the inarticulate feelings of vast masses of people. King belongs to this class of politicians.

(To be continued)

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Toward Responsible Government in Jamaica

Graham Cotter Part II.

► THE MOST SERIOUS THREAT to political development in Jamaica is the emergence of conditions which promote communism or fascism. One of these is widespread dishonesty. In a country where unemployment is a major problem, petty larceny in the lower classes is only one manifestation of this; dishonesty between citizens in all classes, large-scale swindles and convenient professional inefficiency or officiousness are others. Failure to understand the spirit of justice is shown by an intense legalism. At great expense, sometimes far beyond their annual income, laborers and smallholders will contest absurdly petty cases which could be settled by the parties concerned, who can demand the free arbitration of Justices of the Peace. Other characteristics of the deprived proletariat are its inattention to the old, its disrespect for womankind, its spoiling of the young. The high rate of illegitimate births is a menace to early education within the family. But these matters can be remedied: the most dangerous dishonesty is among the professional classes who are most capable of providing remedies. Not only is the basic medium of family life chaotic and mostly lacking, but the primary school system is corrupt. There is no free secondary education. School is compulsory only until the age of fourteen, but truancy laws are frequently incapable of enforcement.

Beyond these conditioning factors, are there groups whose activities are calculated to promote a totalitarian regime? There are elements throughout society who would sell out the public interest without hesitation, and these might find strong support among certain monopolistic interests in the capitalist class, including manufacturers and merchants who have built up big networks across various lines of business. Bustamante is a thorough demagogue: he changed his name from Clarke, probably because of the resounding attractiveness of the other; he recently insisted on becoming Mayor of Kingston when his jobs as union leader and government minister are already burdensome; he represents the type of the loud, smart man of the people which is the least worthy example to them. He has a certain charm along with his tactical ability: his present enthusiasm for the Monarchy (on returning from England) gives him the appeal of a picaresque Puss-in-Boots. His acquaintance with administrative needs may have mellowed his personal ambition; but if he were to ally himself with unscrupulous financial interests, he could provide the centre for a fascist movement.

Native fascism might be deprived of racism, for only racism directed against the European can have any chance of success here. There have been signs of this type, however, from another quarter: from the People's National Party, whose emphasis on color problems, with the quality of its nationalism, has, at one time at least, shown its dangerous immaturity as a democratic party. One correspondent of *The Daily Gleaner* has recently asserted that the policy of international communism in the Caribbean is to foment racial disorders. Yet it is from the ranks of the P.N.P. that responsible leadership should be expected. Norman Manley, the leader of the P.N.P., has great prominence as a barrister; he helped frame the Constitution; his sincerity is unquestioned, and he has paid a great price economically and socially for adherence to his socialism. He has recently re-

pudiated communism on behalf of his party. Many of the party have been instrumental in establishing the social service and educational organization, Jamaica Welfare Limited, which has worked to promote better agricultural methods and co-operatives. (At the same time the government, since before the election, has been promoting land settlement, a program of establishing smallholds and training smallholders in better farming.) In part as an active political party and in part as a centre for ideas and programs, the P.N.P. has laid the ground for a greater ideological and legislative contribution to the island's prosperity. Yet many in its ranks are deceived by a naive enthusiasm for the Soviets, and certain events around the beginning of the new constitutional government have led to doubts as to their sincerity as a loyal opposition. The first of these were connected with a strike at the Kingston Insane Asylum, called by the Trades Union Council. Lunatics escaped and set fire to the buildings, and some who did not escape were burned alive. At the same time the city firemen struck, the warders of the Penitentiary in Spanish Town struck, and a strike was planned at Kingston Penitentiary. Bustamante, whose newly-elected government was apparently to be discredited by this manoeuvre, staged a march at the head of his followers, and bloodshed followed. The blame for the entire plot was laid squarely on the P.N.P. by public opinion in the upper classes, and probably in the lower too. Either way, this was a triumph for Bustamante, and the man who has often said that he is the real Governor was joyfully freed from the charge of manslaughter in connection with his march.

More recently, in connection with a bus strike organized by the Trades Union Council, bombs were thrown and drivers killed in the efforts to break the strike. The P.N.P. disclaims responsibility for this violence, yet it is certain that in both these instances the communist objectives of confusion and strife were achieved, whether the T.U.C. was or was not aware of its being used by communists.

There is a growing need for socialist planning, what with increase in industry and concentrations of financial power among merchant classes and foreign capitalists. Recent government loans on which the Ten Year Development Plan depends have been fatally undersubscribed, owing solely to lack of support from banks and financial interests. The merchant classes have been relieved of the excess profits tax to their own immense profit, where the relief of the primary producers alone would have been a salutary measure. If this socialist party can win the franchise of the people, it will have great opportunities to develop remedies for social distress as well as to ensure the public control of the means of production and the protection of public schemes from sabotage.

It is difficult to know when this opportunity will come; for, beyond the more obvious alignments with Bustamante, additional factors will be involved in the 1949 election. Soon after the 1944 election five members of the House resigned from the Jamaica Labor Party (anomalously, one, the minister of agriculture, has retained his place in the government!).

These formed the Agricultural and Industrial Party. There are also several Independent members of the House. The interest of the planter class, once represented along with those of the merchants by the Democratic Party, have a champion in the Hon. R. L. M. Kirkwood, Member of the Legislative Council. Long prominent in politics, Kirkwood has recently resigned from the management of the W. I. Sugar Co. in Jamaica (a subsidiary of the English firm of Tate and Lyle), and been appointed permanent chairman of the Sugar Manufacturers Association. There is reason to believe that this resignation was prompted by the WISCO's dissatisfaction with his interest in the smaller sugar manu-

facturers. Jamaica has given legislative sanction to agreements of the SMA which prevent sugar monopoly, and WISCO, producing one third of the island's sugar and rum, could destroy the smaller capitalists by abolishing the Rum Pool, a capitalist co-operative which is their source of profit. Whether or not Kirkwood has broken with the firm, it is likely that he will rally independent capitalists (he is also president of the Citrus Growers' Association), the Independent vote, and perhaps tack on the Agricultural and Industrial Party. Such a combination may prove more powerful an enemy to the P.N.P. than Bustamante. The latter's term of office has given opportunity to some hitherto obscure followers to show themselves in a favorable light; and where these less flamboyant labor leaders will fit into the picture is hard to say. Bustamante's current red-baiting is aimed at the P.N.P. But, though he will probably not retain leadership alone, whether he will ally with the financial and merchant classes, or with the planter class, and whether some of his unionist followers will break for freedom and join the socialists is a matter for conjecture.

The economic situation which any government must cope with is difficult, but improving. As in the Caribbean area generally, the chief problems are agrarian, and agricultural products cannot be sure of a continuing full market in Great Britain. In this respect, Jamaica is also affected by the Marshall Plan and by United States' "free trade" jealousy. The island's chief exports are sugar, rum, dye-woods, allspice, cocoanuts, bananas and citrus. There is a small tomato industry. American and Canadian¹ aluminum firms have bought considerable acreage to mine bauxite, but wholesale export has not yet begun. There is some supply of gypsum, but no precious metals, iron, nor coal. The first step toward economic independence has been the development of self-sufficiency in staple products. The island can normally produce its own food supply. There has been also considerable industrial expansion. Jamaica boasts a milk condensary, biscuit factory, match factory (scarcely a boast: this state-authorized monopoly produces incredibly bad matches), a corn meal factory, citrus packing houses, and so forth. There is also the tourist business on which many merchants hope to grow even fatter, and whose present manifestation is a wild inflation in land values.

The economic challenge is but one of many facing the British West Indies; the supreme challenge is to find the basis of unity which will make federation and responsible government possible. Of the many problems in the way of British West Indies Federation,² the chief are: geographical

separation, difference in political history and development, economic competition, backwardness and difference of race. For example, British Honduras and British Guiana are mainland countries, the latter a wealthy jungle. Trinidad has serious labor and racial problems and it shares compact East Indian groups with Guiana and Jamaica. Barbadoes has an ancient Constitution and a fierce color bar, as well as too great a population for its small size.³

But above all the challenge is one of racial relationships.⁴ There is every reason to believe that Jamaica can lead the way in showing that people of many classes, some with no hereditary culture, can unite in adopting the best of what the Old and New Worlds have to offer. The political changes have been looked upon by the last two Secretaries of State for the Colonies as experiments to set the pattern for the colonial empire. Their optimism has so far neither been rewarded nor dismayed. The political response to the challenge of unreconciled social and economic forces is being significantly developed by the people of the Mother Country itself; and it is appropriate that one of the representatives of Great Britain on the Caribbean Commission, who was present in his official capacity at the Montego Bay Conference, was Norman Manley: his party, in spite of its early mistakes, holds the political instrument of reconciliation which neither the upper nor the lower classes may take the lead in applying—democratic socialism.

This, on the other hand, cannot be successfully applied without the fulfillment of the more general social need which was expressed by the Royal Commission:

"... in the last resort the success or failure of any program of social reform and betterment will depend on a definite and prolonged effort on the part of West Indians to help themselves even while accepting help. The material betterment of the W.I. must be accompanied by, and is to a large extent conditional on a moral resurgence among the people themselves."⁵

Everybody Gives, Everybody Benefits

William Smith

► EVERY DECADE some new idea arises which its proponents herald as the thing which will save the world. Vitamins and votes for women were both accorded this honor. Today the laurels are being tossed to the community centre movement. It is shouted from every platform that the people are crying out for pictures to view, music to hear and muscles to stretch; that what we need are more art galleries and concert halls, more stadia and playing fields, and that the magic word "community," affixed to any activities will, of itself, get everyone from both sides of the tracks singing and dancing together in the same hall, and gaily painting on the same canvas. The only qualification to this world-saving thesis is that these activities should be sponsored by a "grass roots" community council. This apparently arises spontaneously from the masses and represents the people in their best democratic essence. It is assumed further that such councils will not only be willing but able to direct their own program and that they will work solely for the benefit of their fellow men. Community activities, then, will rejuvenate the world and save the United Nations.

As the idea has taken hold, every recreational and educational agency, whose function heretofore has been to serve a particular segment of society, has broadened its base to

¹ It is interesting to note that the chief banks are Barclay's, The Bank of Nova Scotia, and the Royal Bank of Canada.

² Colonial Office, *Conference on Closer Association of the British West Indian Colonies*, Part I, Report, H.M. Stationery Office, Cmd. 7291, January 1948.

³ Representatives of all the colonies met at the Montego Bay Conference (Jamaica) in September 1947, and resolved (after a long delay occasioned by Mr. Bustamante) to accept "the principle of a federation in which each constituent unit retains complete control over all matters except those specifically assigned to the federal government." They have set up a Standing Closer Association Committee to study (a) the assimilation of the fiscal, customs and tariff policy and the legislation, (b) the unification of currency, (c) the unification of public services, (d) the form of a federal constitution and judiciary, (e) the means of financing the federation. There are now a joint Shipping Committee, a Federation of West Indian Civil Service Associations, a Conference of Labor Advisers. Two British bodies are also working: the Caribbean Commission, and the British West Indian Development and Welfare Board. The University College of the West Indies is to begin classes in Jamaica next year, and the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture has long been established in Trinidad.

⁴ G. Louis Byles, *West Indian Unity, a Creative Ideology for the Plural Societies of the World*, in *Crown Colonist*, London, July, 1946.

⁵ *op. cit.*, pages 35, 816.

serve the "total community." Departments of government are employing new hordes of civil servants as community program supervisors and directors. Schools and churches are opening their doors that one and all, old and young, rich and poor, may share alike in the joys of community activities. Professional journals which formerly devoted themselves specifically to physical education, music, art, adult education or recreation are now including news columns about community activities. Some even carry editorials on how to make their particular discipline community-centred or how to make the community conscious of its importance for communal life. Every one has jumped on the band-wagon clamoring to identify the extension of his own particular interest with the general welfare. The somewhat discordant tone-poem which has resulted has one theme which can be clearly distinguished, namely that the people are crying for culture and are longing to organize themselves on a community basis to satisfy their craving. Satisfaction may, it is said, be found in anything from 'pick up sticks' to golf, and from playing tin whistles to attending symphonic concerts.

At a public meeting of an organization whose function is to promote the interests of music and art, a speaker announced that "the people are starved for good music" and that "their very soul cries out." He then went on to plead the cause for federal assistance so that art galleries and concert halls might be built in "every town and hamlet" and artists presumably could earn a decent living.

This writer thought grimly of one small town and several small hamlets where a "grass roots" community council not only refused to promote a concert series but refused even to appoint a committee to investigate the possibilities. "Who," they asked, "would go?" He thought of a sketch club bravely promoted through press, posters and personal contact, in fact by all the approved methods, to which, out of a town of 5,000, none came because it conflicted with the hockey broadcast. He thought of a small town service club who reluctantly let an agent talk them into taking a violinist for a travelling concert. Finances were on a percentage basis with no minimum guarantee for the artist. Consequently the service club felt no obligation to promote the sale of tickets which is the recognized way of corraling an audience. "Besides," apologized the chairman, "I hate to ask people for a whole dollar just to hear music." The artist faced an almost empty hall and afterwards everyone asked why they had not had a leg show. A few weeks later they did, and packed the house for three nights.

This state of affairs does not apply alone to the arts. In a survey conducted a year ago by an energetic group of do-gooders, over a hundred adults in one community expressed a desire to learn to swim. Yet when the teacher was secured and the pool arrangements made only seven turned up. The same thing has happened countless times with child study groups and handicraft classes. This is inevitable when activities are organized merely because somebody thinks he has a good idea and not because a conscious need for them has arisen.

The fact that the administrative body for such activities calls itself a community council does not necessarily mean that it has come into being in response to expressed needs of the community. It is more often the creation of some one person or group who thinks that somehow there ought to be a council, and who thereupon sets out to enlist recruits from the various organizations that make up the community. Community council members are people who have been simply lassoed by the executive or chairman of the particular group to which they belong. The fact that they are present at the meeting when the rope is thrown and the appointment made may be purely coincidental. They get

O CANADA

Toronto, Oct. 28 (CP)—Canada, "through its catering to housing tenants for votes," is rapidly approaching "a state of mob rule," Jamieson Bone, of Belleville, Ont., president of the Ontario Property Owners' Association, told the organization's convention Tuesday. (Regina Leader-Post).

City Councillor A. D. Quintin... told *The Gazette* that the property owners were being treated like "an unwanted child," that rent controls are unconstitutional in the light of the British North American Act, and that it was the principle of the thing—not a desire to increase rents—that was bothering landlords. (The Montreal Gazette).

HOUSING SHORTAGE SAID ALL OVER

Toronto—(CP)—The Ontario Federation of Property Owners said Monday in a resolution that there no longer is a housing shortage in Canada but "only mal-distribution of existing housing solely due to rent control." The resolution is to be presented for endorsement of the Canadian Federation of Property Owners Associations today. (The Kingston Whig-Standard).

Mr. Grattan O'Leary, in his speech to the Conservative convention... declared that 100,000 Canadian boys had died overseas for the principles of Conservatism.

(Le Canada, quoted in Winnipeg Free Press).

"For my part, I'll not be at city hall when he [the "Red" Dean of Canterbury] comes and I'll certainly not be going to his meeting," declared Con. Leslie Parker. "If we went to Russia and did the same thing he is doing we'd be shot," said Con. Chadwick. "That's the trouble with democracy." (Toronto Daily Star).

Quebec, Nov. 11 (CP)—Premier Duplessis tonight warned L'Alliance des Professeurs Catholiques de Montreal that the province cannot "pay pensions to those practising disorder." The Quebec Government leader issued the warning at a press conference after drawing attention to a reported statement by the president of the teachers' organization that salary increases would be sought by legal means and "by strike action, if necessary."... It would be "intolerable" for the government to be "blackmailed by intolerable revolutionary proceedings," said the Premier. (Globe and Mail).

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to W. K. Bryden, Regina, Sask. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

caught because they cannot think up enough reasons in two minutes for refusing. A memorandum from a conference on Community Council Co-ordination states that "with very little effort the people will organize themselves into community councils." If by "very little effort," one means badgering, persuading, teasing, cajoling, threatening and pleading with a large number of individuals who could not care less when you remind them of their community responsibilities, to please come to a meeting and when they arrive to please say something, then perhaps we understand the phrase.

It is simply not true that the mere act of opening the doors of the community hall will insure a flood of people to view pictures, dabble in clay, listen to music and engage in earnest discussion about human welfare. Nor is it any more true to imagine that an efficient and thoroughly representative group of citizens will somehow arise to administer such a program, and that the whole configuration of community council and centre working together will suddenly revitalize modern living.

The average man wants to do nothing but to be left alone in his own rut. He has to be teased, coaxed, and even tricked into getting out of it. Too many success stories appear in current publications telling of colorful folk festivals, community musicales, and town forums without giving any hint as to how they are accomplished. It always sounds as if they have been waved into being by a magic wand.

Some discussion of what to do with the chairman who cannot chair, the committee that fails to function, and the board who refuses to see the point, might be very enlightening. A detailed admission of how we lobbied the by-law through the municipal council, or how we 'democratically'

arranged that the right people got put on the commission to investigate community needs, might prove very illuminating. The story of the crisis which occurred when the secretary of the Friendship Club refused to lend her home for a meeting when the foreign war brides were invited would be more valuable than a exuberant description of an "International Party."

If our democracy is to survive we do want to get people working together, co-operating with one another and being concerned for each other's welfare. But let us not mistake the ideal for the accomplished fact. Before we rush out and gather together anyone we can grab to sit on a community council, we must first develop some sort of philosophy of the person and his relation to his community. Intelligent and appreciative democratic participation is not something that arises spontaneously. We must stop pretending that it does. It has to be carefully fed, patiently nurtured and at intervals accurately weighed.

Bertrand Russell

Jessie Macpherson

▶ BERTAND RUSSELL is seventy-six years old. His experience might be said to span two centuries, for as heir to English privilege he absorbed the nineteenth century through the pores, and as mathematician, philosopher and wise man, he has materially affected the intellectual climate of the twentieth. He began with politics because, as a grandson of Lord John Russell, he could scarcely avoid it. He is ending with politics, again unavoidably, this time from personal conviction that only political action to establish world government will save men from total destruction. The latest of his political essays begins in the following typically caustic way.¹ "Ever since man was sufficiently civilized to combine in large communities, the chief aims of collective action have been to keep alive one's own society and to exterminate or subjugate those of neighboring nations. Most wars have been accomplished and exacerbated by a conflict of ideologies in which victory has decided what was to be considered truth." The inference is clear. "Men must change their ways, or else..." If only reason were as available to the multitude as it is to Russell, the course of history might be changed by his terrifyingly cogent arguments against war.

But it is not after all for political theory that Bertrand Russell is famous. "I grew up," he says, "in an atmosphere of politics, and I was expected by my elders to take up a political career. Philosophy, however, interested me more than politics, and when it appeared that I had some aptitude for it, I decided to make it my main work. This pained my grandmother, who alluded to my investigation of the foundations of geometry as 'the life you have been leading.'"² In 1944, Russell's bibliography³ comprised thirty books and three hundred articles. Since then has been added *A History of Western Philosophy*, eight hundred and thirty-six pages in length. His prolific works divide into two groups, his technical contributions to philosophy and what might be called his philosophy of life. In the former field his status is unquestionably that of a giant of the age. A German scholar writing shortly before the recent war called him "the only British thinker of the age who has an international reputation, the only one whose name is known in all countries." As for the latter, his philosophy of life, his readers divide, again into two groups, his friends and his enemies. There are probably sufficient reasons for the existence of both.

Sixth in a series of studies of contemporary writers, by a member of the Department of Philosophy in Victoria College, University of Toronto.

Russell has contributed to the philosophy of the schools in the theory of mathematics and logic, and in the theory of knowledge. With Whitehead, he cut new ground in the philosophy of mathematics with the publication of the three-volume *Principia Mathematica*. Technically, the new ground is the middle road taken by most philosophers with a taste for the reasonable. Russell maintains both in his theory of mathematics and in his theory of knowledge, a very slight hold on the absolutes. The rooting of mathematics in logic which is the essence of *Principia Mathematica*, is one evidence of this intention to connect theory with the common-sense world. Russell asserts that the whole of mathematics may be reduced to number, and that number may be reduced by definitions to a logical formula beginning with the counting of objects. Russell's definition of a cardinal number is the class of all classes of objects corresponding to one of them, or the class of all classes having the same number as the class constituted by Brown, Jones and Robinson.

Russell, together with most modern logicians, continued to wonder about the metaphysical status of the class. Is it a real thing, something apart from the sum of its members? The answer to this question has greater significance for belief than might appear on the surface. On the whole Russell concludes that at any rate the mysteries must be banished. "The doctrines of Pythagoras, which began with arithmetical mysteries, influenced all subsequent philosophy and mathematics more profoundly than is generally realized. Numbers were immutable and eternal, like the heavenly bodies; numbers were intelligible; the science of numbers was the key to the universe. The last of these beliefs has misled mathematicians and the Board of Education down to the present day."⁴ But Russell himself admits the *a priori* nature of at least one universal, that of similarity. Unless you can see beforehand that two things are alike you can't name anything. This abstruse point of view conveys, as academic points of view always do, a temperamental preference, in Russell's case, for the reason as avenue to truth and for a minimum of unproved assumption.

Russell has often been called the twentieth century Voltaire, a comparison sometimes intended to be derogatory to both. The proposal to banish mystery by reason is not so popular as one might expect in the hard-headed world of twentieth century science. And indeed when full appreciation is given to Russell's intention and achievements, there is undoubtedly a residue of mystery which in his enthusiasm and capacity for the lucid seems to be neglected. For what it is worth, the limits of reasonable knowledge have been Russell's investigation. His own view of the practical uses of reason is expressed mildly enough in a recent B.B.C. talk.⁵ "There is at the present time a widespread belief that the nations and individuals that remain rational and cool and (within common sense limits) sceptical, cannot hope for success when they are brought into contact with systems of widely held and fanatically believed dogma... I do not think that history bears out this view of the powerlessness of moderate and limited scientific belief when enjoyed in conflict with fanaticism; in fact the exact contrary is nearer to the moral to be drawn from the past... Fanaticisms come and go, and those of our time, like earlier ones, will perish through practical refutation. Tolerance and the scientific

¹ "Man's Future," *The United Nations World*, September, 1947.
² and ³ *The Philosophy of Bertrand Russell*.

⁴ *Principia Mathematica*, 1937 edition.

⁵ *The Listener*, September 25, 1948.

spirit are among the greatest of human achievements, and I see no reason to think that we are in process of losing them, or that those who retain them are thereby in any degree weakened in whatever struggle may lie ahead."

I may seem here to be far from the point under consideration, Russell's contribution to mathematical and logical theory. But Russell's practical views and his theoretical positions are all of a piece. The status of concepts, mathematical, political, religious, and moral, is to be determined by their freedom from unreasoned assumption and their capacity to care for the relevant facts.

Russell's attention to the problems of knowledge has been second only to his mathematical interests. This is the field usually known as philosophy. "Philosophy, as I shall understand the word," he says, "is something between theology and science. Like theology, it consists of speculations on matters as to which definite knowledge has, so far, been unascertainable; but, like science, it appeals to human reason rather than to authority, whether that of tradition or that of revelation. All *definite* knowledge, so I should contend, belongs to science; all *dogma* as to what surpasses definite knowledge belongs to theology. But between theology and science, there is a No Man's Land, exposed to attack from both sides; this No Man's Land is philosophy." Russell is a rationalist and he depends for the validity of his, as for all other authentic theories, on language. He seems to think that once language is made thoroughly consistent, and its formal nature laid bare for inspection, it will exhibit a real correspondence to the facts it imparts. So his theory of knowledge is an inverted pyramid, based on the momentary data of experience, rising through a set of inferences to the material object and brought to fulfilment in a clear, lucid, communicable and logical set of interrelated propositions.

Russell's language is itself a model of clarity, lucidity, communicability, and logic. He deserves the high estimate, "master of English prose style." His vocabulary is immense and his words are always chosen for their exactness; his sentences follow a smooth-flowing rhythm; and the work is an artistic as well as a closely-reasoned whole. So transparent is Russell's style that the ideas seem finally to be the congealed essence of cold reason. The fires of emotion do glow and burn but fail to melt the ice of pure logic. Two aspects of Russell's writing delight the reader with a taste for the iconoclastic. His skill in epigram rarely fails, and his wit often provides an emotional release even when one is conscious of the dangerous facility of the method. "Leibnitz was one of the supreme intellects of all time, but as a human being he was not admirable."⁶ . . . "Hegel thought that if enough was known about a thing to distinguish it from all other things, then all its properties could be inferred by logic. This was a mistake, and from this mistake arose the whole imposing edifice of his system. This illustrates an important truth, namely, that the worse your logic, the more interesting the consequences to which it gives rise."⁶ Describing his school for children, including his own two, he remarks that other children when they arrived at the school having been taught that subjects of conversation were divided into what pleases adults and what shocks them, at first on discovery that neither was taboo in the Russell school, enjoyed talking about the hitherto forbidden. Soon, however, they lost interest and "became almost as clean-minded as though they had never been taught a sense of decency." "What cure is there for envy? For the saint there is the cure of selflessness, though even in the case of saints envy is by no means impossible. I doubt whether St. Simeon Stylites would have been wholly pleased if he had learnt of

some other saint who had stood even longer on an even narrower pillar."⁷

The History of Western Philosophy can be recommended to the reader who likes his philosophy pre-digested. The whole stream of history has run through Russell's machine mind. The synthesis achieved is a personal one. Scarcely any statement in the book could be mistaken for that of anyone but Russell. His summary and high-handed treatment of the great is often intensely irritating. Whether he has done justice to the great will be denied by their disciples. But at least he is provocative, and at his best he often lights up a dark page of philosophic history. The *History* is a catalyser for other secondary sources and for the historic texts themselves.

Russell's points of view on education, on marriage, on the institution of society are generally supposed, perhaps more particularly by those who have never read him at all, to be irresponsible. Actually, Russell is in the direct line of tradition of the reforming passion of his forbears. "How do you like Galahad as a name?" his mother wrote, a few days after he was born; to which his maternal grandmother replied, "Pray do not inflict such a punishment on your child as to call it Galahad." All the same there is a social passion, sometimes, to be sure, offset by mistakes of judgment or taste, but not by malice. Few of our institutions can stand the glare of pure reason. And Russell's mistakes can usually be put down to an over-valuation of logic as an instrument of truth. While he often refers to the importance of the emotions, and is fully aware of the resources and trickeries of the sub-conscious, he normally by-passes both in his judgments and criticisms. That he fails to understand the unmanageable qualities in these aspects of personality is suggested by a claim he makes that the sub-conscious will fall into line if a consciously reasonable course of action (and feeling) is often enough impressed upon it. But it is hard to blame a man for being too reasonable. At any rate, Russell's reasonableness has stirred up enough emotion among his contemporaries to restore the balance.

⁷ *The Conquest of Happiness.*

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⁶ *A History of Western Philosophy.*

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► YOU MIGHT SAY, I suppose, that *The Velvet Touch* is a more or less realistic presentation of theatrical people; that, contrariwise, *Rope* is a theatrical presentation of real people, or at least of a real situation; and that in both cases the effectiveness of the result completely justifies the chosen means.

The Velvet Touch is a story of the theatre backstage, and, so I am told, its Grand Guignol atmosphere of flamboyance, larger-than-life gestures, flaring hates, and appalling bathos really does reflect without undue exaggeration an actual segment of the real theatrical world; which may be true, after all; when you come to think of it, who, besides Rosalind Russell, wears the hats that Sally Victor creates? The picture opens dramatically with a tempestuous quarrel between an established actress (Rosalind Russell), a comedienne, and her producer, a horrid man who is sneeringly contemptuous of her ambition to play Hedda Gabler. In the course of the quarrel she hits him over the head with a statuette (a theatrical Oscar), and he dies. There follows a tiresome flashback account of the events leading up to the quarrel, then a more subtle and interesting section about the investigation of the death (enter Sidney Greenstreet as the Inspector), and a crashing climax in which the actress does play Hedda Gabler and sweeps off the stage during an ovation to pay her debt to society as an individual. The death is referred to throughout the picture by all the characters except one as a murder, although it seems clear that in any less excitable circles it would be manslaughter. The exception to the general rule of hysteria is the hero, an ordinary man who is not even very fond of plays, and is therefore appropriately slight in stature, with a face faintly reminiscent of a well-stuffed stoat. He watches the whole business with beady-eyed interest tinged with amusement; he is clearly of the opinion that a short prison term will probably take the heroine out of the theatre and down to earth, which is all right with him. It is all wonderfully funny, and, if you are in the mood, quite convincing—not, of course, the plot, but the stagey reactions of people totally enmeshed in an artificial world.

Rope, on the other hand, is a Patrick Hamilton play, frankly and deliberately filmed as such: the camera eye representing at all times an onlooker whose vision is always his own and never that of any one character within the play; and it is the quality of the intelligence behind the camera which makes the single set, and the continuous straightforward action, signal virtues and not limitations in the presentation. The plot concerns two wealthy young university students who translate into action the theory, glibly discussed over so many cups of coffee in so many college coffee-shops, that there is a superior type of human intelligence (possessed, naturally, by all those taking part in the discussion), whose right, and sometimes duty, it is to rise above the common herd and direct its destiny, with no obligation even to consider common standards of morality or ethics. They murder a fellow student, put his body in a chest, cover the chest with a tablecloth, a set of candelabra, and a plate of Swedish smorgasbord, and have a cocktail party, thoughtfully inviting the victim's father, the college don who in all academic innocence gave them the idea in the first place, and one or two other friends whose personal lives they are intent on arranging for them, in accordance with the dictates of superior intelligence.

Rupert, the don (played by James Stewart, who has aged considerably for the part and dropped all his familiar semi-

adolescent mannerisms), observes the actions of the less superior partner in the crime, whose nerves are weaker than his intellect, returns after the party is over, deduces in argument the existence of the corpse, confirms the deduction, and, after a skirmish, summons society to deal with them; to punish them, that is, for taking seriously the ideas which he himself at that same tea-party had used as the small change of conversation.

The professor's final position is an interesting, and an unenviable, one; nor should the stylized treatment of the plot and the air of donnish abstraction lead anyone too swiftly to the conclusion that *Rope* is the kind of play which presents incredible characters performing incredible deeds; a quick resumé of the Leopold-Loeb case, on which the plot of the picture is based, indicates how restrained Hamilton, and Hitchcock, really were. Leopold and Loeb were two brilliant University of Chicago students who kidnapped, violated, and murdered the young son of friends and neighbors of theirs. They buried the acid-scarred body under a culvert, and the next day joined the hunt for the missing child, and later paid visits of condolence to their victim's family. A pair of Leopold's spectacles were found near the culvert and led to his arrest; both men confessed (they wanted to commit a perfect crime, they said), and were indicted for murder. Their families were immensely wealthy and politically powerful; Clarence Darrow defended them, and succeeded in getting them off to the tune of twelve years' imprisonment. In 1936 Leopold was released; a week or so before Loeb's release was scheduled he was murdered in the prison lavatory by a murderer whom he had tried to seduce. Leopold was one of the most brilliant law students of his year, and Loeb an equally brilliant ornithologist; men, as you see, of superior intelligence. Makes you think, doesn't it?

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► TWO DANCE SUITES are among Columbia's recent releases. One, *The Comedians* by Kabalevsky, is a series of ten short pieces, which, although by no means exciting or affecting, are yet composed with taste and skill. Heard once in a long while on a concert program, this suite could be quite welcome, but it is not the sort of thing that would bear frequent repetition on a gramophone. The New York Philharmonic under Efrem Kurtz performs it well and the recording is satisfactory. The other suite, three dances from *The Three-cornered Hat* by De Falla, has more substance and will bear repetition. The popularity of De Falla's early music has remained at a steady level for the past thirty years and neither *The Three-cornered Hat* nor *El Amor Brujo* is likely to be forgotten in a hurry. Included in the new set are *The Neighbors*, *The Miller's Dance* and *Final Dance*. The Philharmonic Orchestra is directed by Alceo Galliera; both performance and recording are good.

Saint-Saens had a long and active career. He died in 1918, regarded as one of the most conservative and academic composers in France; yet in his youth he had been praised by the most brilliant and original composer France has produced: Hector Berlioz. No one has ever called him a great composer or even an important one, but his works are still played with an impressive regularity. Even Tovey, who disliked Saint-Saens' music, sometimes played the symphonic poems because they were "so damned clever." Cellists today could hardly survive without the *A minor Concerto*. Even his opera, *Samson and Delilah*, still lives both on the stage and in numerous concert renditions of

My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice. Now Columbia has given us a good performance of Saint-Saëns' *Symphony in C minor* (with organ) by Charles Muench and the New York Philharmonic. His most ambitious and popular large-scale work, it is, on the whole, superficial and unmoving, but, at the same time, masterly in its skill, invention and finish. Such a perfect fusion of the urbane and the academic merits an occasional performance, and the only thing I find hard to take is the rather pompous and ecclesiastical conclusion. What could be molded with greater finesse and clarity than the long violin melody on side three, or the high polyphonic string passage as it drops quietly and affectingly over a sustained bass-note toward the end of side six? These virtues are real enough and worth appreciating, although they do not make any less just the comments of Tovey, who refers to Saint-Saëns' "slick classicism," "thin mundane lucidity," and religious pretensions.

LIFTING NEW CURTAINS

► THIS SPRING Paris was turning all its energies into a magnificent burst of theatrical activity. The five long years of the war and German occupation, the years of deprivation and struggle, have been turned into creative experience. The French stage of today has an aspect of eternal youth mixed with a deep feeling for past experiences. We overflow into a spate of great and refreshing art. Paris theatre-goers were insatiable and so was I in that lovely spring of 1948.

Although Louis Jouvet's sepulchral voice could not be heard since he had early left France for a tour in Africa, nor Dullin, nor Gaston Baty playing in Switzerland, nor Jean-Louis Barrault, who is still the sensation of the day with his sensitive, large eyes and his deeply expressive face, the theatrical season was at its height.

The classical and official theatre of Paris, *La Comédie Française*, had taken a new lease on life. Gone are most of the old pompous and declamatory actors, gone are the dusty stereotyped settings for the plays of Racine, Molière and de Musset. *La Comédie Française* is constantly examining afresh and producing anew its masterworks on a recently acquired revolving stage. Simplicity is the keynote of France's great tragic masterpieces. *Esther*, Racine's religious tragedy, is played by Marie Bell, who has become one of Racine's most remarkable interpreters. She knows how to combine realistic violence with religious fervor. In her white veils, like an angelic apparition she recites the lovely opening prayer:

"Du séjour bienheureux de la Divinité
Je descends dans ce lieu par la Grâce habité."

As a protagonist this play has an Assuérus dressed in purple, superb in his majesty. The perfect harmony between the actors and the music provided by the fresh voices of the conservatory students (off the stage this time), representing the daughters of Zion, carried us back to the time when the tragedy was performed by the young girls of Madame de Maintenon in her school at Saint Cyr. *Andromaque* likewise stands out as a unique performance. The sublime verses recited with emotion and restraint seem beautifully framed in a very simple stage-setting composed of a few pillars and steps. Racine as it is played today gives us a deeper lesson of tolerance in the first tragedy and of sacrifice in the second.

Besides the classical repertoire, *La Comédie Française* has undertaken to give us a play of Méréme from the "Théâtre de Clara Gazul" called *Les Espagnols en Danemark*. The matronly theatre patroness of all the most digni-

As a slight variation on "Turning New Leaves," The Canadian Forum presents an account of the contemporary French stage. Mdle. Rièse, a frequent contributor, was in Paris during the summer.

fied arts has taken a holiday with the performance of this play. It is a story of diplomacy, intrigues, national strife and international spying in the most outlandish stage-setting ever seen. The characteristics of all the nationalities involved are strikingly pictured, the Danes, heavy, serious-minded, smiling and clumsy; the Spaniards full of fire, intrigue, wrath and abounding love; the French politic and sensuous, quarrelsome and bombastic; a satire on diplomacy, court intrigues and stupid warfare, enhanced by nationalist folk dances. The play is announced by the blowing of trumpets and saxophones, then a screen unfolds, and as if we were at a movie, we read the names of the actors. Then we have a prologue in which the actress in her box tells a few gentlemen what she is going to play and with whom. The young men laugh at her, find the subject bad because too common, too "terre à terre." The actress remains stubborn and then what she has announced unfolds before our eyes.

Numerous and ingenious are the types of "décor" used by the *Comédie Française* and the *Odéon* now called *Salle du Luxembourg*. They show a new aesthetic where classical tradition and modernism meet without conflict.

However one must go to the *Théâtres des Boulevards et d'Avant-Garde* to see the latest innovations of the French Theatre. The most popular play in Paris this summer was undoubtedly J. P. Sartre's *Les Mains Sales* (Dirty Hands). Sartre, in spite of all controversies, remains a dominating figure in intellectual circles. His theory of existentialism involves the idea that man must create his own essence in throwing himself into world affairs, suffering, battling, and even dying for what he believes. Sartre gives us an imaginary country in which communist leaders receive proposals to enter into a clandestine national union which is rejected by all but one party leader, but the unfolding of the plot could well be placed in any of our modern countries. The action of the play works backward in time. In the opening scene Hugo, an enthusiastic young member of the party, has followed the order given and assassinated the leader who had accepted the government's proposals. He is just out of prison and arrives at the house of Olga, a comrade. While he was in prison the party, obeying Russian orders, has elected to follow the national union after all. Hugo is shocked by this reversal in policy, and, since he always has refused to dirty his hands, now he refuses such alliances and surrenders to his former fellow workers, now his executioners. This play is coming to New York under the title "Red Gloves." If I have lingered on this play, it is because it has made a deep impression on me as well as on the Parisian public. Sartre shows himself a master writer of tragedies in the best classical sense. Gone are the attacks on decency or "racisme" as in *La Putain Respectueuse*. Sartre is now a master analyst. He digs deep into the psychology of crime, of mental torture, since man must choose or reject his lot. Sartre shows here quite forcibly his philosophy, which is that man cannot refuse to take his responsibility because he cannot stand apart from life.

Montherlant came back to the theatre with a play, *Le Maître de Santiago*, which brings together into a picture of Castile in 1519 a few knights of the Order of Santiago. The knights would like to go to the West Indies to make a quick fortune, but to Alvaro the new world stands for impurity. We find again here the stock themes of Monther-

lant—purity and renunciation. Alvaro renounces the conquest of gold and makes his daughter renounce love. Father and daughter, inflamed by a holy passion, go and prostrate themselves in a convent. The secular part of the thesis might be stated as, "May Spain and even the universe perish as long as I win my own salvation." A very complex work, full of contradictions, difficult for us to accept. Nevertheless Alvaro remains one of the most beautiful figures, one of the strongest of the literature inspired by mysticism.

Cocteau's play, *Les Parents Terribles*, is the counterpart of *Les Enfants Terribles*. It gives us a striking picture of a mother unable to understand that her son has grown up. It is the clash of two generations, of two households, one full of disorder and hysterics, the other orderly and peaceful. Cocteau, as always, knows how to mix every conceivable mood and to represent in a tragic-comic way every kind of human weakness. The actors are well chosen to bring out the exuberant and shrewd psychology of the family.

Jean Anouilh, one of France's great dramatists of today, full of cynicism, revolt and despair, but at the same time with a measured sensitiveness and kindness, concedes under the cruel action of his plays a moving appeal for a less pitiful life and a more peaceful society. However in his latest play, *L'Invitation au Châteaueau*, for which the composer, Francis Poulenc, has written the music, the success is less great. There is in it a profusion of dreamy fantasy, refined humor that cannot be taken seriously. One may consider it simply as the antidote to *Antigone* and *La Sauvage*, the two most important plays of this author.

These major tragic plays will suffice to show what deep problems the French theatre has undertaken to present to its public. There are lighter ones, equally forceful and well done. Among the most striking I must mention *La Petite Hutte* by André Roussin. This, says the author himself, is a comedy of reactions, since each person, husband, wife and lover, reacts with absolute honesty. On a deserted island these three people are found in two distinctive huts, a large one and a small one. You may well imagine the situation of the love triangle depicted on that island. But the incredible adventure, instead of being merely vulgar, is worked out with such "candeur," with fantasy and humor, that the license is excusable because so delicately handled.

Jacques Copeau, founder of *Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*, was one of the first to upset the customary practices of the theatre. The stage-setting is practically non-existent, the costumes are simplified, but a harmony between the colors and the tone is achieved. Today *le Vieux Colombier* is known as a theatre which produces plays with advanced ideas. *Elizabeth la femme sans homme* ten years ago was already one of them. Never before had the physiological problems of the queen been brought on the stage. *Les Carthaginois*, played two years ago, is another where good family standards have been shattered. This summer *Le Vieux Colombier* produced one of the most original and crudest plays I have ever seen, called *Lucienne et le Boucher*. However, Valentine Tessier acts so perfectly and the author, Marcel Aymé, has so well combined scenes of lewdness with a representation of small provincial gossips and everyday happenings that one can easily get over the shock. Had the situation not been so deftly handled the play would have been a failure. Instead we see a watchmaker and a butcher quibble about nothing; an old maid putting her nose into all the affairs of the small town, doing more harm than good. We see and hear the town's band give a concert in the park where between the piercing notes of the wind instruments people exchange kisses and promises of love. We see crime punished justly because even in a small town

the police is well aware of what goes on. This play is what the French call 'a slice of life' and it needed great art on the part of the actors and author to combine it into a creative and plausible production.

L'Athénée, the theatre of Louis Jouvet, was giving a light tragi-comedy called *Nous Irons à Valparaiso* by Marcel Achard. In a superficially happy family a comical incident brings about the tragedy. The aunt of Thérèse Cabanis returns from market with a beautiful black eye. She pretends to have fallen but finally has to admit that she had had a fight because she refused to believe the rumor that her nephew, a lieutenant in the merchant marine, has a mistress. The wife, bored and hysterical, makes a not undignified scene and finally throws herself from a high cliff in a fit of self-sacrifice. She was pursued by her husband, now accused of having pushed her over with the help of his mistress. Pierre Blanchard, the husband and hero, has hitherto played tragic parts only, but here he reveals himself as one of the best comic actors. France loves plays with a background of law-courts. Here we are at a trial where all kinds of individuals testify, some dramatically, jealously, callously, falsely, others comically (like the young hotel porter with the most delightful Marseilles accent). Even those accused of murder are intensely comical in their tragic situations. Achard is a man who understands human psychology. He knows how to combine gaiety, wit and grace with fear and terror.

Judging by the few plays mentioned, which are a fair slice of the French theatre of today, we may state that they represent the collective efforts of authors, painters, musicians and actors in France's cultural heritage. LAURE RIÉSE.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: In the answers to the Newfoundland Quiz by Wilf Kesterton published in the November issue of *The Canadian Forum* it is stated that:

"14. (a) Newfoundland Indians belong to the Beothuk group.

I would like to point out that the question still remains to be settled whether or not the Beothuks were Indians at all. In fact many students of the subject, including the late Mr. W. E. Cormack, the explorer, who devoted much of his life to the study of this group of people, have been of the opinion that they may have been descendants of Leif Ericson's countrymen who attempted colonization of America in the 10th century. It has been established that they were unlike Indians in appearance, and that their language bore no resemblance to that of any North American Indian tribe. In any case the Beothuks passed out of existence more than one hundred years ago. The last member of the race died in St. John's in 1829. So it is clear that any Indians now in Newfoundland certainly do not belong to the Beothuk group.

Mrs. Gordon H. Josie, Ottawa, Ont.

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The Crosstown Bus

Merchants and lords of counties,
A matter for men to discuss;
Masters of cities and kingdoms,
Consider the crosstown bus.

It left at the time appointed,
And into the darkness sped,
And then in an hour it vanished
When the world had gone to bed.

What if it were not lightning, but guns
That flash in the east? And here
My elbow vibrates on the window sill,
I lean on the brink of cliffs and heights unthinkably sheer.

We stop for a passenger, the rattle of coins
Together with steps, the seat recoils,
And someone is brushing against my side,
A pleasure seeker sated, a bargain hunter laden with spoils.

The bus moves on but my brain stands still,
I am tired and little of noise breaks through
My sleepy introspection, the musical hum
Of tires, a hurrying wind that whispered and then withdrew.

(Lightning that flashed to the eastward,
And a wind that threatened rain;
The corner light was an island,
And night was a dark champagne.)

It could be guns, the faraway gleam
And flash of grenades, a sibilant breath
Of hate in a farmboy's nostrils, hot
From the quiet night and the cool companionship of death.

(And lightning flashed to the eastward,
Impaled in a moment's glance
The gleam of a covered bayonet,
That seemed in the light to dance.)

Then what I am doing here, my fingers closed
Around a rifle that was not made to hunt,
The masculine touch of khaki scratching my neck,
And why is the night so quiet unless I am bound for the front?

Terror awoke in my heart, but the wheels
Moved on and lamps were dim in the street.
Blacked out? I thought. Then it must be true!
I am trapped with death and life in my life had never been so sweet.

"You must escape," insistently said my brain;
We left the road for a trail and bumped
Over stones and ruts. I sprang to my feet
Like a gray mechanical doll gone mad—and jumped.

Merchants and lords of counties,
A matter for men to discuss;
Masters of cities and kingdoms,
Consider the crosstown bus.

Consider the night, my masters,
Give thought for a time to us
Who are fighting your fight, my masters,
What of the night, my masters,
And what of the crosstown bus?

Alfred W. Purdy.

The Unwanted

We are the forces of production,
Ours is the labor that turns the wheel.
The scars upon our hands and shoulders
Are badges left by molten steel.

Our reproduction moves in cycles,
Our lives are marked upon the chart;
We must conform to each recession
And place our labors in the mart
Which does not want us.

We are the pool of unemployment
To keep supply of labor cheap
Our wants and fears are unknown factors
To those who do not sow but reap.

We are statistics of starvation
In empty lands with dead machines
Our rotted lives declare us surplus;
We stand in ever widening streams
Of the unwanted.

Thersites.

Comment on Gadgets

The sunrise sky was once to me
A glimpse into eternity,
But now the dawn
Is just a yawn.
The night was lit by silver fire
Laid on the hearth of my desire,
But now the moon
Just rhymes with croon.

Life was a high and gleaming thing,
A step to dance, a song to sing.
It was a wine, uncorked and rare,
A peak to climb, a sword to dare.

But now life is a losing card,
A pile of mud in one back yard
And so I gibe and sneer and scoff
And tell myself I'm quite well off.
Perhaps I am.
Who gives a damn?

Gilean Douglas.

Fission Fancy

Death is not the thing we fear.
If we knew that we could be
One moment lithe and strong and here,
The next within eternity,
We would not tremble when the sky
Darkened and the day swept by.

But the dying! Hours of pain,
Strangled breath and labored heart
Battered by the fiery rain
While the flesh is torn apart.
Praying only for release
From dying into death—and peace.

Gilean Douglas.

BOOKS REVIEWED

WOBBLY: Ralph Chaplin; W. J. Gage (University of Chicago Press); pp. 435; \$5.75.

Few episodes in American labor history are as stirring as the short-lived career of the Industrial Workers of the World. For a few years before and during the first World War, the I.W.W. (Wobblies for short) gave the class struggle a literal meaning it has seldom had before or since except, perhaps, in some of the United States coal fields. In the process of organizing and fighting for the working "stiffs" of the West, this native American anarcho-syndicalist organization displayed a militancy, heroism and idealism which are hard to equal anywhere. Its traditions are still strong among the west-coast loggers.

Artist, poet and editor of the Wobbly organ, *Solidarity*, Ralph Chaplin knows the story of the I.W.W. as intimately as anyone. He lived through its days of glory and its decline, fought its fights and went to jail as one of its leaders in the witch-hunting period that followed the end of the war. He knew Big Bill Haywood personally. Though he disagreed with him, he also knew and respected Gene Debs of whom he writes with genuine affection.

For all that, Chaplin's book somehow falls short of the mark. It fails to impart the spirit of the I.W.W., the *esprit de corps* which caused its leaders and its rank and file to risk broken heads, jail and even their lives (its list of martyrs is impressive). The book is not too well-written and tries too hard to be thrilling and romantic. Sometimes it is melodramatic. The occasional poetry which Chaplin reproduces is not of the highest order.

Wobbly covers not only Chaplin's career in the I.W.W. but his youth and later years as well. The last period makes pathetic reading. There is the nostalgia for a past that is dead and gone; the continuing suspicion of paunchy AFL "labor fakers"; bewilderment and mistrust of the new, sleek, streamlined unionism of the CIO. The book describes also the growing distrust and hatred of communism, amply justified by events within the labor movement and throughout the world. At the book's closing Chaplin has drifted into a muddy sort of philosophy, compounded of a mixture of God, free enterprise, Americanism, and political democracy.

A. A.

HOME FROM THE COLD WARS: Leslie Roberts; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 224; \$3.25.

Home from the Cold Wars is a well-written book, in the sense that it is extremely easy to read and should be read and recommended to your friends, more particularly political leaders and newspaper editors. If you want unprejudiced, open-minded and courageous observations on the present international situation, Mr. Roberts' latest book is a must. However, it is not enough that Canadians and Americans know this work, though it does contain a brief but penetrating analysis of Canadian-American relations. It should be compulsory study for those in power behind the Iron Curtain.

The deliberate policy of hate propaganda that poisons the air on both sides of the Atlantic is the greatest present menace to the course of peace and until there is a mutual agreement to discontinue this vicious program, the threat of war is ever with us. As Mr. Roberts points out, what we need more than anything else is a Russo-American treaty establishing a two-way propaganda holiday. Not a holiday from truth but a holiday from distortion and the spreading of falsehood. All is not black or white. There are intermediate shades of gray and the truth is not all on one side. The farmers, the housewives, the workers and the millions

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A MAN CALLED WHITE \$5.00
by Walter White—The autobiography of a man who chose to remain a Negro... a stirring record of action in his people's cause... of which Sinclair Lewis says, "No thriller could be more dramatic than this history of Walter White, a scholar and an orator, who has constantly passed from black race to white and back again, often in danger."

of others who voted for President Truman don't want war. Given the will for peace the way of achievement can be found. If as much time and effort were spent on trying to make Americans and Russians understand one another and their different ways of life as is now spent on fostering mutual misunderstanding, we would have peace not only in our time but for generations to come. *Mark G. Cohen.*

PRELIMINARY DRAFT OF A WORLD CONSTITUTION: The Committee to Frame a World Constitution; Robert M. Hutchins and others; Gage (University of Chicago Press); pp. 92; \$2.50.

When Godwin expounded his revolutionary anarchism in the 1790's William Pitt refused to worry about any subversive doctrines that were published at three guineas a set. This beautifully printed volume which is issued by a committee headed by Chancellor Hutchins of Chicago might have had some effect if it had been published as a pamphlet at about fifteen cents. In its present form it will hardly undermine the general belief of North Americans that we must continue to do the best we can with the imperfect international machinery of the United Nations. It contains the text of a constitution for a world government, with an explanatory report which does a more brilliant job of failing to explain the clauses of the constitution than anything I have ever come across in any similar publication. It also contains a long list of 150 documents which would presumably provide the explanation of why the constitution is drafted as it is, if one had the time to read them. *F.H.U.*

CRAFT OF THE SHORT STORY: Richard Summers; Clarke, Irwin and Company Ltd. (Rinehart and Company, Inc.); pp. 527; \$5.50.

It is heartening to find a book on short-story writing which does not declare that anyone can do it. Happily, too, Mr. Summers, an Associate Professor of English at the University of Arizona, uses a domestic and workmanlike style in place of the semi-literate breeziness by which so many writers on this subject seem to imply, and most certainly insure, that only the near moronic will read their work.

The author, according to the dust jacket, "has been teaching short-story writing successfully for over ten years." Yet, perhaps because he has also written some fiction pieces, he

says at the beginning of his book that "writing is a solitary and lonesome adventure, for no matter how much advice is given and received, the writing craft, unlike other crafts, must be self-taught." Accordingly, he has made his book a manual of instruction wherein the inexperienced writer may find helpful information and advice on the problems of composition, the mechanics of preparing a manuscript, and the methods of finding a market. He does not pretend to offer any magic formula, and recognizes that the material in his book will be of practical assistance only to the beginner in whom the urge and the talent to write are already present.

He seeks to discourage the mere dabbler, advising students that any writer worth his ink must serve a long and exacting apprenticeship to his craft, and that a lucrative writing career is the exception rather than the rule. The first chapter in his book tries to help the student decide whether he is sincerely interested in writing. Chapter six is intended to help him with the second decision: are his talents suited to the commercial or to the literary magazine? For, says Mr. Summers, there are "two kinds of creative writing as unlike as classical and popular music." Students should learn early to recognize their limitations, and promising writers in either field should be encouraged.

The book, intended as a college text, supplements each of the seven chapters of instruction in Part One with exercises which one must assume are pedagogically sound. Part Two contains twenty six well-known short stories, both literary and commercial, each followed by critical comment and more exercises. Added to these are appendices listing literary agents, publishers, magazine markets, and proof readers' marks. *B. W. Jackson.*

LAST OF THE CONQUERORS: William Gardner Smith; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 262; \$3.00.

The author of this book spent a year in Germany with the Army of Occupation. He tells the story of a young Negro soldier, Hayes Dawkins, who learns for the first time—in an enemy country—how it feels to be treated as a human being. In Berlin, although despised by many of his white comrades in arms, he is accepted by the German people as an equal and lives with a sense of personal freedom he had never known in America. Later, when he is transferred to Bremburg, dominated by nigger-hating army officers, he discovers once again why Negroes would rather stay in Germany, why some even deserted to the Russian zone. The hatred and injustice in the Bremberg camp toward the Negro soldier is a sinister reflection of the life "back home" and Hayes Dawkins emerges as the prototype of the displaced person—the American Negro—who ironically finds his only freedom and dignity in the homes of his former enemies.

Some of the most effective writing in the book occurs when William Gardner Smith articulates the fears which torture and often destroy the heart of the Negro. "I can't leave this place. I can't. What the hell am I gonna do when I get back to the States. What kinda goddamn job you think I can get in Georgia? Diggin' ditches? I don't want to go any place in the States. Can you understand that? I like this goddamn country, you know that? It's the first place I was ever treated like a goddamn man... You know what I learned here? That a nigger ain't no different from nobody else. I hadda come over here to learn that. They don't teach that stuff back in the land of the free."

Last of the Conquerors has a few internal weaknesses. Some of the characters are over-simplified. Rhetoric occasionally displaces the direct statement of fact. The sexuality which pervades the book is perhaps too strident; although

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it may be accepted as the inevitable result of a lifetime of rejection in the white society of America. The book, generally, however, has the structure and the social dimensions necessary to support the theme and inform it with bitterness and humanity which are the real substance of tragedy.

William Gardner Smith is just a boy (he was only twenty when he completed his book), but like Richard Hillary in *The Last Enemy*, he writes with the intensity and wisdom of one who has been deeply touched by experience. Few war novels published during the past year speak so bitterly of the evils of hate and prejudice that make a whirlpool of the human heart.

Samuel Roddan.

BODY AND SOUL: John Brophy; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 240; \$3.75.

Mr. Brophy is, as he remarks, no specialist, but a reasonably intelligent amateur of the arts and of philosophy. His present volume is a collection of theories, attitudes, and opinions, both historical and modern, from art, science, and philosophy, about the human body, the human mind, and the relationship, both actual and ideal, between the two.

The specialist will find it unsatisfactory because on any one aspect of the subject the information is scrappy and almost comically inconsequential (the problem of free will, for example, is discussed and dismissed in two pages); and the amateur will have a feeling that he has heard all this before, and lose interest, as one would, say, in a history of the world written in two hundred pages. The style, however, is graceful and urbane, and the twenty-three full-page illustrations (hitherto unpublished nudes from the author's collection, Rodin, Degas, and Prud'hon among them) are handsome and impressive.

It should perhaps be remarked that an earlier companion volume, similarly illustrated, *The Human Face*, which discusses fashions in faces and in ideas of human beauty, is far more entertaining and useful, and a more adequate presentation of Mr. Brophy's genuine and peculiar talent for collecting artistic curiosa.

D.H.M.

ALL YOUR IDOLS: Harry Sylvester; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 245; \$3.75.

Harry Sylvester works hard, if self-consciously, at his craft and is building a reputation as one of the better young Americans writing today. He is versatile and competent and his purposefulness is coupled with genuine literary talent. The selection of fourteen stories published in *All Your Idols* represents sixteen years of work taken from such magazines as *Story*, *Esquire*, and *Scribner's*. He writes about boxers and bullfighters, priests, doctors, and long-distance runners. His chief concern is with action and character as they are revealed in the framework of a football field, a church, an arena, or a boxing ring.

The opening story, "This Thing the Spirit," is a beautiful study of a boxer who cannot believe that his own courage, which he despises and distrusts, is stronger and tougher than his big, hulking body. "The Crazy Guy" is a sketch of a man who wrecks the machines in a nail factory as his affirmation that human values transcend mere production and efficiency. "All Your Idols" tells of a sensitive young priest who smashes to rubble a church statue to prove that God exists whether the miracles attributed to the statue are fake or real.

Many of Sylvester's heroes are inarticulate idealists—the modern pilgrims—who search for peace of mind and reconciliation with the world, through violence and danger. A comparison to Hemingway is inevitable, for although Syl-

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by *Robert E. Sherwood*—This is the story Hopkins would have told had he lived. It is the full, inside story, told from the point of view of one who stood at the centre of it with Roosevelt and who played a part of incalculable importance.

vester lacks his mimetic gifts and his economy, the pre-occupation with physical violence is identical. But similarities perhaps end there, for in Hemingway's criticism of society, as Edmund Wilson has pointed out, the resolution is a moral one.

"Hemingway has expressed with genius the terrors of the modern man at the danger of losing control of his world, and he has also within his scope, provided his own kind of antidote. This antidote, paradoxically, is almost entirely moral."

With Sylvester, the antidote has to be something more than morality. He is too good an artist to present an ultimatum but nevertheless, like a magician, he keeps suspending before us on hidden but dangerously thin threads, the tantalizing suggestion that if men would but embrace catholicism with their whole heart and mind they would find ineluctable peace and with it the lost keys of the kingdom of heaven.

Samuel Roddan.

SAILOR REMEMBER: William H. Pugsley; Collins; pp. 185; \$3.75.

Early in the war years Lieut. William H. Pugsley, whose love of boats had drawn him into the Volunteer Reserve in peacetime, asked to be transferred to the Lower Deck so that he could get to sea to write and take pictures about the life. His purpose is outlined in the foreword to *Saints, Devils, and Ordinary Seamen*, the book which three years ago deservedly became a Canadian best-seller: "At that time practically nothing was appearing in print about the very considerable hardships our ratings were putting up with at sea, and although I had had almost no experience in writing, I was eager to 'do something about it.'"

Something was done, admirably, in *Saints, Devils and Ordinary Seamen*. The present book, *Sailor Remember* is in a way a sequel. It is described by its publishers as a "picture book...intended to round out the personal collection of pictures that every ex-naval rating somehow managed to acquire during his time in the Service." Mr. Pugsley's camera was busy and effective. The book contains 270 cuts, starting with a slantwise shot of train windows filled with white-hatted ODs headed for the Coast, running on through barracks scenes, deck shots of sea-smothered corvettes, iced-up destroyers, the grit and grime of the stokehold—practically every phase of a rating's life. They are excellent.

The difficulty with this book is that in the text accompanying the pictures, Mr. Pugsley is looking in two or three directions. It starts well. The author has a telling and at times good-natured gift of phrase. Describing his own

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R.C.N.V.R. headquarters in Montreal just before the war's start, he says: "At the barracks I found the Wardroom packed with strangers, all trying to look as they thought St. George would look under the circumstances and waiting expectantly for commissions." But it isn't long before he gets down to the serious business of developing a double-barrelled thesis: that virtually all officers are heels, and that naval administration is out-dated and unjust.

If this is true—at times—it is stated in terms that seem closer to personal petulance than objective assessment. One aspect of Mr. Pugsley's quarrel is with human nature, the other with the really High Brass, higher even than the Wardroom. Mr. Pugsley has a perfect right to say what he thinks about these things. The question in this reviewer's mind is whether this type of book is the proper vehicle through which to say them.

Charles Bruce.

WHERE POETRY STANDS NOW: Henry W. Wells; Ryerson; pp. 81; \$2.25.

A half-good book, and therefore disappointing. It has all the marks of having been too hastily written. The thesis Professor Wells advocates is not new: that the hope of modern poetry rests in a middle road between the extremes of personalism and impersonalism, of egocentricity and proletarianism in art. This trend, it is argued, must be "democratically" humanistic, to distinguish it from the "snobbery" of Cleanth Brooks and the hatred of mankind and frustrated dogmatism of Eliot. As one turns the pages, he becomes more and more convinced that the real questions involved in the creation of a "democratic ally" humanistic art of some worth are not faced. Beside pages of mere wordage and even some alarming slipshod judgments (e.g.

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on T. S. Eliot), the book contains a number of interesting and sound ideas, yet these are seldom thought through. The real drawback is, however, its style. Any work on literature ought to be literature. Professor Wells' book is not.

F.D.H.

AUSTRALIAN POETRY 1946: Angus and Robertson; (Sydney and London); pp. 88; \$1.50.

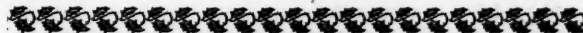
This book is one more proof that contemporary Australian poetry is, to say the least, alive. The striking similarities between Australia and our own country should make Australian literature especially interesting to Canadians. Both in form and content, several of the poems are very rewarding. Good war poetry is hard to find anywhere in the world, but some is contained in this volume. Contrary to so much of our own art, few of the poems reflect an over-anxiety on the part of the artist to deal with local

themes or imagery. They are genuinely Australian, not Australianized. Many are by women poets, including some of the best, such as "Pain" by Judith Wright, and "Poem from Brewarrina" by Marie Reay in which the red sand of the Australian desert (Australia's version of our own north) becomes a symbol of the spiritual aridity of modern man. Best of all, however, is, I think, Eric Irvin's "Orchestra."

F. David Hoeniger.

CORRECTION

The price of *The Book of Canadian Poetry* by A.J.M. Smith, (W. J. Gage & Company, Ltd.), reviewed in our November issue, was stated, in error, as \$4.00. The correct price of this book is \$5.00.—Ed.



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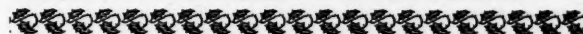
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